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The challenge of 'The Challenge of Peace'

THE EDITORS, JOHN GARVEY
MICHAEL GALLAGHER

Fifty years of The Catholic Worker

Dorothy Day: a radical holiness
DALE VREE

A non-pacifist looks back
JAMES O'GARA

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Correspondence

New code, old affront

Rochester, N.Y.

To the Editors: Your article, "Epoch III: the Church Feminized" [Jan. 28] and editorial, "The New Code" [Feb. 11] came as needed words of hope to those of us who feel we still have ways to go in ending discrimination against women in the Catholic church.

The reports coming out of the new Canon Law, which has as one of its purposes the changing of a number of past rules discriminatory to women, are of new roles and areas opening up to lay people in general, and women in particular. Yet if the law is as reported, it seems to discriminate when it bars women from being installed as acolytes or lectors, except on a temporary basis. Before Vatican II, all lay people were barred from participating in the celebration of the Mass in such roles as deacons and lectors—this was all done by the "professionals," the priests. There was equal discrimination against all lay people. Now the laity are invited to participate in these roles—that is , the laity if you are a layman, not a laywoman. If you are a woman you are barred from the diaconate completely (despite a history of women lay deacons in the early church). And now you cannot even serve on a permanent basis as acolytes or lectors, but only on a 'temporary' basis.

What if the law were to have stated that people of white skin and red skin were allowed to be deacons and all people were to be allowed to be lectors and acolytes, but those of brown or black skin would only be allowed this privilege on a 'temporary' basis? Could we in good conscience accept this as Christian—as something Jesus would have accepted and wanted in his church? . . . Yet we are discriminating against women—half of the human race—in the very same way.

This says something to me as a woman—that the Catholic church sees me as a person of less value and worth simply because of my sex. And this hurts deeply. . . . MARYANN JOYCE

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

Punishing Gill's sins?

Brattleboro, Vt.

To the Editors: Maureen Mullarkey's "Eric Gill in the Flesh" strikes me as misfit in *Commonweal* [Feb. 25]. Her anger seems to indiscriminantly spill over the Yorke book, the author, the publisher, the idea of celebrating a hundred-year memorial of Eric Gill's birth, and Eric Gill himself.

If the Yorke book is as abominable as Ms. Mullarkey rates it, is it worth three and one half pages of *Commonweal* to say so? Why Eric Gill, versatile artist in stone, in wood, in calligraphy, in letters, should now deserve such animus of debunking, is not clear. Punishment for his sins? Had I more knowledge of him from other biographical sources, would I have more sympathy with Ms. Mullarkey's views?

As student in a Catholic college in the twenties, I met the new-born weekly, *Commonweal*, the beginning of a personal adventure. *Commonweal*, with some assist from course content, acquainted me with names and thought of Chesterton, Belloc, Maritain and Eric Gill. In the next two decades, my appreciation for the art of Eric Gill deepened from pages of *Commonweal* and *The Catholic Worker*.

Eric Gill's *Autobiography*, a landfall, was published months after his death. I read it twice, about twenty years apart, both times for enjoyment of an overflowing life well told and for Gill's creative address to relations between religion, art, work and worker, and the natural world, relationships which we demolish to our peril.

Why should Eric Gill be scolded for being Victorian and British, incidental or accidental to his time and his heritage? His insightful examination of his own psychosexual, social, emotional and religious development was remarkable. He was explicit about his personal struggle with a power house of sexual drive. He sought understanding beyond limits of the ignorance and denials inherent in the culture of his childhood and growing years. His own account, and photographs of his work, do not spell pornography to me.

That "Mankind," the graceful, breathing woman's torso which Ms. Mullarkey calls Gill's "most famous sculpture" has been stashed away in a London gallery basement may or may not indicate that the sculptor's "reputation" is done for. The works of far older artists have been buried, to be revived centuries later. But if Gill should be forever unremembered, he still made a lustrous contribution to his own time, in his engraved portraits, his stone work, his uncluttered, spare wood block nativities and crucifixions.

Gill's own tale of domestic life includes his failures but gives dimensions untouched by Ms. Mullarkey's glimpse of a preposterously vain pater familias, typical, dominating, sexist. He revels in description of family episodes beyond the hoeing and bread baking, into the hikes and holidays, waterfalls and wilderness, the village cafes of southern France, the night walks home over dirt roads with the Gill children singing songs of many languages.

Maureen Mullarkey left me with one particular sense of loss. I wish there could be a lively, responsible biography from an impeccable source of Mary Ethel Gill whom Mullarkey calls Eric's

(Continued on page 285)

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TIME TO ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE

WAR, thought St. Augustine, might sometimes be required to combat flagrant wrongdoing. But that did not make either a justifiable war or the human injustices that might or might not necessitate it any easier to contemplate. "Let everyone, then, who thinks with pain on all these great evils, so horrible, so ruthless," wrote Augustine in *The City of God*, acknowledge this misery for what it is. "And if anyone either endures or thinks of them without mental pain, this is a more miserable plight still," he warned. Such a person has simply "lost human feeling."

Fifteen hundred years after Augustine the mental pain involved in thinking about war is all the greater. There is, of course, the terrible, truly unimaginable destructive power of tens of thousands of nuclear warheads. And there are the brain-racking paradoxes of deterrence that seem to turn so many of our commonsense notions, including our moral ones, upside-down. The Catholic bishops who have now produced the third draft of the pastoral letter on war and peace in a nuclear era have obviously not spared themselves any mental pain. For almost two years now they have been concentrating their minds on the horrible potential of nuclear weapons, the intricacies of deterrence theory, the developing moral teaching of the church, the demands of God's word. They have had to accommodate different views within their own committee; they have tried to respond to the suggestions voiced last November by fellow bishops; they have been subject to appeals and arguments mounted by organized Catholic groups to the left and right, by the U.S. government, by European hierarchies, and by the Vatican. The document they have forged is not perfect; it can be improved by amendment. But even as it stands, *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response* is a wise and challenging guide for the church's peacemaking effort, and a serious contribution to the national search for a way back from the brink of nuclear catastrophe. *The Challenge of Peace* deserves to be accepted overwhelmingly by the American bishops.

This third and, we hope, final draft of the pastoral letter has already been the subject of many judgments. A good many of them, unfortunately, show little evidence of the "mental pain" that marks the bishops' own hard-wrought effort. One group of observers, for example, seem interested mainly in whether the pastoral is "for" or "against" the Reagan administration. The administration itself detonated this line of thought by ostentatiously and inaccurately hailing the latest draft as an endorsement of its own nuclear arms policies. Politics is politics, and except for the tactical shrewdness of this move, it should have surprised no one. What was surprising, however, was the reaction of a number of peace activists who seemed to put their usual skepticism toward the administration aside and dutifully take these claims at face value. They were pushed in that direction, of course, by the substitution of the word "curb" for the word "halt" in a passage that had been taken,

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justifiably, as an endorsement of the nuclear freeze movement — the new terminology being promptly seized upon, with considerably less justification, by anti-freeze leaders as a repudiation of the freeze resolution now before Congress. While the bishops may repair this impression through the amending process and while Cardinal Bernardin and Archbishop Roach were right in correcting the administration's attempt to co-opt the pastoral, there is a larger point: the issues the letter addresses stretch back several administrations and will not go away tomorrow (or in November, 1984). Even the transforming of deterrence by nuclear "war-fighting" doctrines did not start with the Reagan administration. A pastoral letter need not be written "for the ages," especially one dealing with the question of whether there will be any "ages" at all. Still, it should be read and evaluated in a time frame larger than one session of Congress.

A second line of criticism is equally superficial. The pastoral letter, it is said, is not "prophetic." The word is meant to indicate something of style, something of substance. In style a properly "prophetic" statement would be short, laced with ringing phrases, issuing assertions without elaboration, launching condemnations without qualification. (One journalistic pseudo-Isaiah, complaining that the draft pastoral lacked a single memorable phrase, offered his own alternative, filled with memorable phrases like, "As Christians, therefore, we have decided to alter completely our priorities. . . .") Undoubtedly, the pastoral would have profited from some editorial blue-penciling. It is too long, too slowed by quotations, too burdened with passages "traded off" among committee members of differing viewpoints. (Isaiah and Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos, Nahum, Habakkuk, and Zechariah might sound different if they had been required to prophesy as a committee.) But this raises questions about the church that we cannot explore here: Is the teaching role of our bishops to be exercised in the inspired manner of Isaiah? Are there not other more appropriate and equally authentic models by which today's church formulates its doctrine? Not that the advocates of "prophetic" statements have such matters in mind. They are thinking of public impact. And they are forgetting that religious statements, filled with ringing phrases and sweeping condemnations, have been rolling forth from various church bodies for years — to the maximum emotional satisfaction of their authors and with minimum impression on the public. It is precisely because *The Challenge of Peace* is a long, nuanced document that cannot be dismissed by expert opinion, on the one hand, and that holds out the potential of forging a new consensus in the nation's largest religious denomination, on the other, that it has been debated on the front pages of the daily papers instead of relegated to the church news.

But the complaint that the pastoral is insufficiently "prophetic" has a substantive dimension as well. In many cases, the pastoral's critics simply believe that the nuclear deterrent is immoral, period. They favor unilateral nuclear disarmament, and they evaluate the successive drafts of the pastoral largely by the one criterion of whether it moves toward or away from their own conviction. The problem is not that this position is held. The pastoral itself admits the force of the argument against the deterrent; its own moral acceptance of deterrence is "strictly conditioned"; and one would have to admit that even this acceptance rests more on a resort to papal citation than on any well developed moral defense. Nonetheless, the bishops' position strikes us as *earned*, based on a grappling with all the facts. All too often, the critics' position does not. Indeed, some of the outstanding critics have never spelled out their case in full. At one point, they call for unqualified Catholic opposition to the nuclear deterrent on the basis of the Gospel and moral law. At another point, they call for it because it will preserve the world from nuclear holocaust. But the second argument does not follow, at least not automatically, from the first. Pronouncing a Catholic anathema on nuclear weapons will not make them go away, not even America's, let alone the Soviet Union's. It could, in fact, increase the likelihood of their use. Thomas J. Reese, writing in *America* and worried that the latest draft does not stress that deterrence puts us "in a damnably sinful situation," nonetheless admits, "Unilateral disarmament could just as likely increase the possibility of nuclear war as lessen it."

Does our faith require us to refuse all complicity with these weapons even if that not only weakens our defense of political values that do matter but also actually brings the holocaust nearer? Reese says "no," while the conservative theologian Germain Grisez, in his criticism of the pastoral, effectively says "yes." But too many of the "prophetic" critics of the bishops have not, at least not publicly, faced the question at all.

For the time being, deterrence remains the worst method of staving off nuclear disaster except for all the others. Deterrence, however, means different things to different people. For a few friends of the Reagan administration deterrence is a dream of restoring the military edge which made Moscow blink at the time of the Cuban missile crisis. Others would not go that far, but do see deterrence as a crumbling barrier threatened by Soviet advances and Western peaceniks and badly in need of vast technical refurbishment. Others, like the *New York Times* or the *New Republic*, feel that deterrence needs to be defended against the extravagances of our own strategists and technicians no less than against Soviet designs; but they remain suspicious of popular efforts to influence the delicate adjustments of politicians and arms controllers. Finally there are those who see deterrence itself as generating its own instability and therefore the proper object of constant citizen vigilance as well as elite reform, indeed a system of "peace of a sort" that must be put under steady and deliberate moral pressure in the determination that no escape from its dangers will pass unexplored. The bishops' pastoral falls in this last category.

The bishops have tried to say a decisive and definitive "no" to nuclear war, but without saying a definitive "no" to deterrence. Some say that is a contradiction. We say that there is no way to say a definitive "no" to deterrence without at least risking a "yes" to nuclear war. Politically and morally, the bishops' position is the best that can be done.

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STILL SOME CHANGES . . .

If the third draft of the pastoral has been subject to a number of snap judgments, it has also received numerous criticisms of a more measured sort. We would add our own observations on a few points.

1. The new and early prominence that the third draft gives to the distinction between the bishops' teaching authority on matters of universal moral principles and their authority on questions of concrete prudential application has been taken by some to be a weakening of the document. Weakening or strengthening, we believe this recognition of the limits of episcopal authority and the extent of the individual Catholic's conscientious responsibility is absolutely proper.

2. The section on deterrence has been improved in certain ways. Although some readers have questioned the inclusion of the government's statement to the bishops that the U.S. "does not target the Soviet civilian population as such," it seems to us an advantage that the pastoral directly deal with this latest formulation of American targeting policy, even if it does invite skepticism. The alternative would be to leave the letter open to the charge of inaccuracy or irrelevance. On the other hand, the deterrence section suffers from a void of moral theory, a void, it should be plainly said, largely attributable to its heavy (and no doubt inescapable) reliance on the pope's statement to the United Nations last June. The SALT II testimony of Cardinal Krol, which treated deterrence as a lesser evil only morally "tolerable" while efforts for disarmament proceeded, has fallen victim to theologians' complaints that it let a good end (temporary nuclear stability) justify a bad means (the deterrent's inherent threat of indiscriminate or disproportionate killing). There may have been good theoretical objections to Krol's use of the word "tolerable" as well as his insistence that such toleration was contingent on progress toward disarmament; but both those formulations put a degree of moral and psychological pressure on deterrence that is absent in the pope's blander and unelaborated declaration. In sum, the new section on deterrence has gained in relevance — and lost in bite.

3. The softening of the passage on "no first use" seems a reasonable concession to the concerns of Europeans, as well as to practical realities.

4. Comparisons between the United States and the Soviet Union have been introduced at two points in the document. Peace activists have objected to both of these additions as contributing to the anti-Soviet fears that fuel the arms race. The comparison is implicit in a novel criterion of "comparative justice" that has been inserted into the document's otherwise traditional presentation of just-war theory, and we would agree that this passage is obscure and open to self-serving interpretations. It should be deleted. But the comparison is explicit, extended, and very critical of the Soviet regime in a later section on the superpowers. This, we believe, should remain. The reason is not because, as some bishops have urged, the pastoral would go down better with a little bit of "flag waving," but simply because these things are true. If the bishops would like to emphasize that there is no unalterable relationship between internal regimes and external behavior — that the Athens which is democratic at home may practice imperialism abroad — fine and good. But the pastoral will in fact be stronger, not weaker, for making its moral claims accompanied by a totally unvarnished view of Soviet brutality and domination.

AND IMPLEMENTATION

The bishops know that their work cannot end with passage of the pastoral letter in Chicago. *The Challenge of Peace* is, first of all, a challenge to them. Its implementation may depend ultimately on the commitment of individual bishops at the local level, but the conference as a whole must set an example. The already stretched resources of the USCC's international justice and peace office should be reinforced. Reading lists, discussion guides, audio-visual materials need to be developed — presumably from multiple sources — and reviewed. Local diocesan efforts should be regularly surveyed. A newsletter should exchange ideas. As soon as possible, a major conference or series of conferences should address the question of *preaching* on the pastoral letter. All this will demand a sensitivity to the consensus the pastoral represents, to the diversity of viewpoints it recognizes, and to the complexity of its subject matter. Implementation of *The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response* will not be easy, cheap, or quick. Such is peacemaking.

Washington report

AN ACHIEVING HEART

PHIL BURTON, PRACTICAL LIBERAL

ALMOST EIGHT YEARS ago — in November, 1975 — he was forced into Bethesda Naval Hospital because of "a slight heart incident." Still in the glow of his hard-fought victory to become chairman of the House Democratic Caucus, he was unable to rest on his laurels; or to heed his heart's fatigue. From his hospital room he was quoted as saying, "I am not built to loaf or jog. If I didn't have more to do in a given day than there is time to do it, I couldn't stand it." After his hospital stay, he continued to push and shove more into his days than they ever could possibly hold — until there were no longer days left: San Francisco's ten-term Congressman Phillip Burton died April 10 of heart failure at the age of fifty-six.

Phil Burton always drove himself willfully and skillfully. Fulfilling the Caucus reforms that he initiated two years before, he led the ouster of three veteran chairmen by secret ballot — Agriculture, Armed Services, and Banking. But he saved another chairman targeted by the reformers, Wayne Hays, as repayment of his debt for Hays's support in the

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Caucus election. The alliance proved to be quite costly for Burton when, after the 1976 elections, he sought the post of majority leader.

Burton lost to Texan Jim Wright by one heartrending vote — 148 to 147. His ties to Elizabeth Ray's paramour, his alleged maneuvering of votes to oust liberal contender Richard Bolling, and the estrangement of a handful of his California colleagues, bruised too often by his bullying ways, cost him his long planned-for dream. The assets which brought him so near — crafty compromises, complex strategies, and industrious steamrolling — also caused many colleagues to turn their backs on him.

Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill, recalling that defeat in a tribute to Burton, said, "What a man's man he was, losing a fight which meant everything in the world to him by one vote. I never saw a person take a defeat so gracefully. . . . After that defeat I would say that there was no closer individual in the House to me than Phil."

Burton was the first of three remarkable sons born to Tom Burton, an ascetic man of leftist leanings (he had once been gassed in a picket line) who entered medical school at thirty-six after being a Depression-era salesman. Tom Burton brought his family to San Francisco in 1939, struggling as a $25-a-week hospital intern when Phil was thirteen. Immersed in his high school's politics, Phil demanded a formal vote of his athletic club in 1943 when it barred a black schoolmate from membership. Later he would significantly contribute to the Young Democrats' becoming a thriving adjunct to the national party.

Burton's legendary audaciousness started with his 1956 race for State Assembly against Tom Maloney — a thirty-two-year Republican veteran and the speaker *pro tem* of the assembly. Despite a California landslide for Eisenhower, Maloney, supported by the labor establishment, never knew what hit him. During the campaign Burton personally rang ten thousand door bells. He walked from apartment to rooming house to flop house, claiming to have met "three out of every ten" voters in the district. Particularly attentive to voters virtually neglected before — the skid-row poor, welfare families, the blacks, the Chinese, the Mexican-Americans — he has continued to pay attention to them ever since.

As the youngest member elected to the State Assembly, Burton worked towards becoming chairman of the Assembly committee on social welfare where he rewrote California's welfare code. Burton also skillfully altered the state laws for special elections. His foresight was evident two years later when he ran in 1964 to fill the vacancy caused when Democratic U.S. Representative John Shelley became mayor of San Francisco. Burton was still opposed by much of the city's establishment, including its three major newspapers. He declared for Congress from the offices of the *Sun Reporter* — San Francisco's black newspaper. Out of a field of eight candidates, his grassroots campaign rolled up 52 percent of the vote — twice that of the nearest runner-up.

In his first year he fervently supported the Mississippi Freedom Democrats' challenge to their state's all-white Democratic delegation. His second year, 1965, saw him stand out as one of three congressmen voting against defense supplemental appropriations for Vietnam. This was the beginning of a lonely crusade that eventually triumphed.

From his committee positions on the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee (which he correctly calculated as his best opportunity for rapid seniority advancement) and on Education and Labor, he built an enviable legislative record. He saw to it that the minimum wage was significantly improved in 1966 with its coverage extended to service employees and farm workers (Burton acquired the necessary conservative votes by exempting certain categories of municipal workers from the overtime provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act; labor was furious but he fought his allies all the way to keep his commitment). In 1970, Burton coaxed enough liberal votes to assure passage of a George Mahon-backed cotton subsidy bill — in exchange for conservative Southern support for his proposed black-lung benefits for coal miners. He was personally touched by the plight of black-lung victims — no coal miners in San Francisco. However, his diligent and victorious efforts did his reputation no harm in the Congress. His maneuver particularly impressed those generally conservative Democrats from the Eastern coal-producing states — the "coal rats" — including Ohio Representative Wayne Hays.

Burton had a keen sense of an organization's capacity for power. Becoming chairman of the House Democratic Study Group (DSG) in 1971, he built it up dramatically. Increasing the membership from 120 to 165 liberal-progressive Democrats, the DSG was able to deliver crucial votes and hammer out successful floor amendments. Burton provided urban votes for farm subsidies in exchange for farm-bloc votes to extend food stamps to strikers. He engineered the enactment of both the cost-of-living escalation clause in Social Security and the supplemental income program presently aiding four million aged, blind, and disabled people.

A loss to John McPhall for the whip post — the usual path to the majority leadership — prompted Burton to solidify his political support, and he identified the Democratic Caucus as his vehicle to power. Effectively using the DSG as his base, Burton raised campaign money for candidates he thought could win. Through his prodigiously detailed knowledge of the nation's congressional districts, he nurtured over a hundred congressional races (his hobby, if he had any at all, was to pore over election returns and census tracts deep into the night, vodka and memory in hand). The 1974 elections produced seventy-five freshman Democrats whose support Burton had hoped to use in his ill-fated climb to majority leader. Hardly missing a beat, he picked himself up and shepherded through Congress the 1978 "park-barrel" bill which more than doubled the nation's wilderness acreage.

With the results of the 1980 census, Burton seized upon the California delegation — with 45 seats, the nation's largest — as his new base for operations. He almost singlehandedly (Michael Berman was his other hand and Leroy Hardy his legs) redrew California's districting lines — weaving them in and out to take in a student housing block here, a Jewish con-

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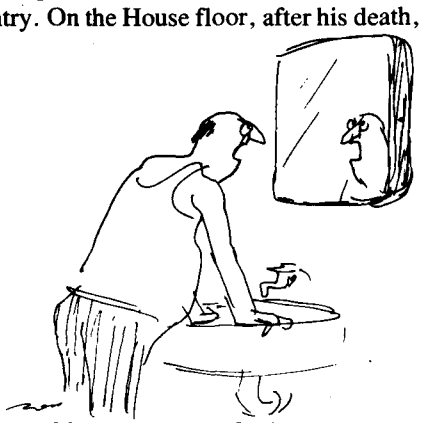
dominium complex there. "My contribution to modern art," he said. Already familiar with his redistricting handiwork of 1961 and 1971, the Republicans still mustered righteous indignation at the unveiling. Foiled in a State Supreme Court challenge, they successfully got a referendum calling for a redrawing of the lines after the '82 elections — and were promptly foiled again when lame-duck Governor Jerry Brown signed into law a new Democratic redistricting plan before George Deukmejian took office.

Typically the big brother, Phil sacrificed good Democratic territory from his own district to bolster his brother John's congressional race, only to have him retire ("the word surprise has a flavor of how I felt," brother Phil was quoted). The Republicans pounced on Burton's vulnerable position. Liberal Republican Milton Marks — a popular state assemblyman who was a constant presence in the city — made significant gains by pointing out one of Phil Burton's strongest points as a Representative: he had accomplished a great deal for coal miners, the people of the trust territories, and backpackers throughout the country — but what had he done for the city of San Francisco?

Burton responded with the same energy and skill demonstrated in his earliest legislative victory twenty-six years before. Notwithstanding the substantial aid of environmentalists, it was the poor and the unemployed and particularly the black community that gave him his 17 percentage-point margin of victory. He had always delivered as much as he could to the disadvantaged and they delivered for him. Phil Burton was not subject to the oft-spoken criticism of liberals that they would rather be righteously prophetic in their stands than get something accomplished. He was a practical radical — keen to see vulnerabilities and strengths, and to know when and where it was necessary to compromise. As one colleague observed: when he couldn't get one hundred percent, he accepted fifty percent.

Burton's apportionment artwork was indeed that of a master. The November elections gave the Democrats six new seats, with a 28-17 edge in the delegation over the old lineup of 22-21. His efforts contributed a fourth of the Democratic gains in the House; he didn't let anyone forget it. Burton at the same time had kept close tab on congressional elections throughout the country. On the House floor, after his death, member after member rose to mention their appreciation for his election night calls, his ability to talk about their district's specifics, and his advice and support.



"You're a liberal and, by God, you're going to remain *a liberal!"*

In the end, Phil Burton's heart had had enough of his poring over U.S. election returns into the night, of chain-smoking Chesterfields, of collecting and cajoling colleagues' votes, of drinking a gallon of coffee a day, and of huffing and puffing, though never bluffing, his way in the House cloakroom. Yet his heart gave out, most of all, for being asked too often to care for too many people — of all colors, shapes, tendencies, and backgrounds. To them, he would often say, "You are in your mother's arms"; arms that will now surely be missed.

JEREMIAH BARUCH

Issam Sartawi, R.I.P.

PEACEMAKER'S DEATH

DIALOGUE & DETERMINATION

THE EXTREMISTS in both camps can breathe easily: Dr. Issam Sartawi is no longer in the world to terrorize them with his longing for peace, with his dialogues of reconciliation, with his insistence that the PLO recognize Israel and that Israel recognize the PLO. The terrorist group known as Abu Nidal has finally made good on its threat to kill its number-one enemy, the man who served as Arafat's representative in Europe and who was his chief contact with the Israeli peace camp.

Within the PLO, Sartawi was both insider and outsider. He was a member of the PNC (Palestine National Council), the PLO's ruling body. Yet at the last two PNC meetings he was prevented from speaking. Both times, he resigned in protest. Both times, Arafat refused to accept his resignation.

In the mid-seventies, Sartawi was authorized by the PLO to hold secret talks with Israeli doves. His contacts included Uri Avnery and General Matti Peled of the Israeli peace party Sheli, with whom he developed close personal and political ties. He blossomed into a man whose loyalty to the cause of peace was to come into conflict with and even at times eclipse his loyalty to the PLO. In an organization built around the sanctity of armed struggle and the elevation of the fallen into martyrs, the doctor's dedication to making peace with the enemy was seen by many as out-and-out treachery.

It was at the Damascus PNC meeting in 1981 that Sartawi, hoping to address his comrades on the progress of his talks, was initially silenced. The PLO executive seemed to have had second thoughts about the dialogues it had endorsed. It moved to bar any further talks with all but "anti-Zionist" Israelis, which rendered Sartawi's mission irrelevant. Undeterred, he teamed up with General Peled, a left-wing Zionist, together with whom he addressed the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in Geneva. It was only at this

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year's PNC meeting in Algiers that a decision was reached to pursue contacts with all "democratic and progressive" Israelis, as Sartawi had been urging.

That was not the only time a controversial measure proposed by him was eventually acted upon. In an interview with Eric Rouleau in *Le Monde* in January, 1982, he stated that his dialogue partners should have been invited to Beirut to meet with Arafat. Exactly a year later, Avnery, Peled, and Yaakov Arnon, also of Sheli, met with Arafat in Tunis just prior to the start of events in Algiers.

In Algiers, Sartawi had devastating words for those who boasted about the PLO's phantom victory over Israel. They are the words of a man to whom the spectacle of revolutionary pretense was more to be feared than the slender thread by which his life was hanging. "It was outrageous," he told reporters, "that all of the secretaries general of the different PLO organizations painted a picture of Lebanon as a glowing victory. Lebanon was a disaster. I bow my head to the courage of the people who fought there. But if Beirut was a victory, then all we need is a series of such victories and we will be holding our next national council meeting in Fiji."

Arafat did not allow Sartawi to address the PNC. He was afraid that the hard-liners, whose support he needed (and got), would be provoked into a split with his moderates that would have thrown the meeting into chaos. Sartawi was known to have been planning to excoriate the hard-liners from the podium.

The PNC resolution endorsing the Fez plan was, despite everything, a partial victory for Sartawi. The Fez plan, which was backed by moderates and hard-liners alike, recognizes the right of all states in the region to exist, implicitly including Israel. That was as far as the PLO has ever gone towards recognizing Israel. But for Sartawi it was not far enough. He wanted the PLO to announce openly and unequivocally that it was willing to recognize the state of Israel. He realized of course that such a bold move was more likely to confound Begin than to convert him to the Palestinian cause. But he hoped his policy would enventually win over the Israeli people and, more immediately, gain support for the PLO in Washington.

If the doctor did not share with his people their poverty, he did share with them their radical insecurity. He never knew where or when or under what circumstances he would be met by Abu Nidal's assassins. He died in a hotel lobby in Albufeira, Portugal, far from his family, with five bullet holes in his body. It was a martyr's death surely. A fighter's death. A peacemaker's death. In so many senses, a Palestinian death.

ROBERT HIRSCHFIELD

(Robert Hirschfield has published both articles on the Middle East and poetry in Commonweal.*)*

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

THE AMBIGUOUS PASTORAL

CHURCH AUTHORITY & STATE POWER

THERE ARE those who will be disappointed in the third, watered-down draft of the pastoral letter which will be offered for the approval of the American Catholic bishops in May, and I see their point. Cardinal Bernardin said that the proposed letter "has not really lost its prophetic character or its basic moral thrust," but it is hard to imagine a prophet making a statement like that. The bishops moved away from a position which seemed to call for an immediate halt to the arms race to one which urges such a halt as a goal, and there are similar backings-away from what was, in the second draft, a stronger condemnation of the possession and possible use of nuclear weapons.

It has been suggested that the stronger early statements resulted from criticism the bishops had received because of their willingness to condemn abortion, while remaining silent about the projected slaughter of post-natal life. It is hard to reconcile moral absolutism about abortion with the careful qualifying which was present even in the earlier statements. Would it be all right, for example, to threaten abortion in order to achieve a good end? Or to threaten it even while you fully intended never to carry out the threat? It may be unfortunate that the bishops find what was done to hundreds of thousands of people at Hiroshima and Nagasaki less horrible than what is done during an abortion, but it is not surprising. The nation-state, an abstraction of purely human design, has always mattered more than the God-given life of the particular person for whom Christ died. The state is our last great idol, and bishops are not its only worshipers.

Whichever side of the debate one is on, some important lessons can be learned from the expectations this pastoral letter raised. Much of the opposition to earlier drafts came from people who would have supported a statement endorsing U.S. military policy, and in fact this latest draft has received kind words from the Reagan administration and from American Enterprise Institute's Michael Novak. Similarly, much of the support came from people who would have opposed such a statement. It has been pointed out by several commentators, and won't be elaborated on here, that people in and out of the Catholic church or other churches are willing to use clerical authority to endorse any position which agrees with their own, and are just as quick to criticize churchmen for moving outside of their areas of competence wherever a disagreement occurs. Apart from all the obvious whose-ox-is-gored uses of argument, this implies that the church, at least in the person of its

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bishops, has little intrinsic authority to address issues of public importance, but exists (or its public statements exist) to be used in the service of positions which have been staked out independently of bishops or other church officials. It was indeed funny to see people who insisted on Catholic obedience to the pope and bishops where *Humanae Vitae* was concerned get spooked at the thought that the bishops might throw a wild curve here, but it is just as funny to see people who feel the right to dissent from *Humanae Vitae* suddenly become defenders of episcopal authority.

The earlier drafts of the pastoral letter inspired some writers to claim that the Catholic church was entering the ranks of the historic peace churches. It also encouraged those secular peace activists who thought of the Catholic church the way many outside of it still do, as a bunch of lockstep automatons whose leaders deliver the vote, bodies, money, arms, or whatever else is needed on the shores of Rome's latest offensive. The truth, of course, is that Catholic hawks will deal with whatever the bishops say about nuclear arms the way Catholic doves dealt with many just war arguments in the past: by a selective choice of church statements, or by ignoring those aspects of church teaching which conflict with one's deeply held convictions. Many Catholics dealt that way with *Humanae Vitae*, just as the right continues to ignore Rome's social teachings.

The excitement provoked by the bishops' statement reflects the ambiguous nature of church authority. It isn't really fair to object to the fact that bishops can be influenced by the right, and then hope that they will be influenced by the left. It is not necessarily hypocritical to be unhappy when bishops disagree with you and happy when they agree, but it is blind. It is blind to our own uses of authority, our own selective readings, our Catholic version of the fundamentalists' favorite sport, proof-texting.

I remember my excitement when in my early teens I first read the *Catholic Worker*'s selections from papal and episcopal teaching on social justice. A further reading of church history revealed what had been left out. The church has upheld the dignity of labor, the right to a just wage, the duty of peacemaking and hospitality. It has also upheld, with just as much authority (if authority is what we hope to find in official church statements) the right to own slaves, the obligation to imprison religious dissidents, the right to torture. It has been influenced in good as well as bad ways by the *Zeitgeist*, and it has been a good as well as a bad influence. Church authority is neither to be trusted automatically, or automatically distrusted. One's hope has to be for the long haul: it is a hope that the Gospel and sacraments will, despite everything, shine in some lives, give hope, and be the leavening influence which Jesus calls us all to be. Sometimes the light we hope for is reflected in official statements and deeds; sometimes it is not.

Church authority has, ever since Constantine, had an ambiguous relationship to power. Although there were church councils before the ones we call "ecumenical," those councils were the ones which formed our approach to Christology and ecclesiology. They were convened not by bishops or by the pope, but by the emperor, and emperors used them politically.

Charles Williams once wrote something to the effect that the Lord commanded altars to be built so that he could send down the fire somewhere else. Church authority can be like those altars. Where it is allied with worldly authority and majority approval it is even likely to be. But in trying to frame a Christian approach to the problem of nuclear arms the bishops were clearly not echoing the will of those in political authority; the administration would have been much happier if they had said nothing at all.

For most of its history Christianity was happy to find secular protection and endorsement. There have been important counter-trends: the monastic movement, Catholic Franciscanism, the Orthodox non-possessors, the Anabaptists. The tension between these traditions has been fruitful, but in our time it has to take new forms. With the Enlightenment and the triumph of a secular understanding of government, the church has been freed (in some quarters most reluctantly) from its alliance with coercive power. There are still many Christians who would not agree with Dorothy Day's remark that the fall of the papal states was an act of divine providence, or the statements by some Russian bishops that the end of Czarist Russia stripped the church of a false authority to reveal, in the suffering church that remains, a Christian mystery. Most Christians find themselves somewhere in between the Constantinians and the counter-traditions, confused by a transition which is not yet complete and may never be complete, part of the middle term in a dialectic which is likely to go on and take new forms. (The "People's church" in Nicaragua and the Moral Majority are not really very far apart; both are, finally, Constantinian.)

The bishops' pastoral letter in its final form will probably reflect this confusion, and now that the influence of the right has been felt it will have less impact than it did before. Those who see a contradiction between the moral absolutism of the Catholic stand on abortion and its toleration of nuclear arms will go on seeing a contradiction, and they won't be wrong. But the statement, despite all that, at least acknowledges the existence of moral imperatives which can't be left to generals and politicians. The pastoral will no doubt bristle with Constantinian and non-Constantinian footnotes; it will be used by right and left both, and ignored by many. The confusion reflected in all this is a sign of much deeper confusions, but even confusion is better than the certainties of those who have no doubts about the morality of the arms race. It isn't prophetic, but it is a little better than no statement at all. A little.

JOHN GARVEY

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A radical holiness

DALE VREE

DOROTHY DAY died in 1980 at the age of eighty-three and it's fitting that we begin taking the full measure of this amazing woman, who credibly asserted that when it came to the Catholic church she went "to the right as far as I can" but when it came to labor and politics, then she went "as far as I can to the left." Who was this living "sign of contradiction" who confounded and scandalized both pious Babbitts and *Zeitgeist* worshippers?

Happily, Harper & Row has invited us to reconsider Dorothy Day by bringing out William D. Miller's definitive biography of her and by re-issuing Miss Day's spiritual classic, *The Long Loneliness* (288 pages, $5.95), her account of the first fifty or so years of her life. Picking up on that invitation, I'd like to meditate aloud here on the latter volume.

The Long Loneliness was first published in 1952, but I first happened on it as an undergraduate at Berkeley in 1964, some six or so months before plunging into the Free Speech Movement (and from there into Marxist-Leninist politics, and from there into a period of "expatriation" in East Germany). I must confess, sadly, that the book then made no impression on my impatient soul—though when Dorothy Day came to campus to give a talk, I respected her enough (however superficially) to take my copy to the lecture room, march up to her after the talk, and plead with her to autograph the book.

She was mortified—and gave me a long, dubious look. But after no doubt struggling with her humility for a few moments, she obliged me with her signature. In red ink.

Self-satisfied, I waltzed off.

Did this celebrated "saint" give in to her celebrity status? No. For, as J. M. Cameron has noted, she "had as little vanity as is conceivable in a human being." Rather, I'm sure I was being treated as just another (undeserving) charity case.

But I think she got the last laugh. Years later I foolishly gave my prize away—free!—not thinking that one day—today—it would be a collector's item. (You sow what you reap?)

Rereading *The Long Loneliness* eighteen years later has been a vivid experience. I've found so many things I utterly missed the first time round. In retrospect, I can see that Dorothy Day was so right about so many things (and this is said by one who cannot count himself a "disciple" of hers). For, as with her, the time eventually came for me to jettison my Marxism and embrace the only radicalism worth hanging in with—viz., Christianity. And so, I feel myself to be, in a very small way, a fellow pilgrim of Dorothy Day's. But many others too, whose walk with God is in danger of being derailed by secular politics, could benefit by taking another look at her pilgrimage.

Too many of us start out with a strong faith, which leads into social action, which then results in an erosion of that faith and a co-optation by secular forces. But Dorothy Day's life is a monument to the truth that this need not—and must not—be so. Social action and a basic faith commitment are not in a zero-sum relationship. Consequently, Dorothy Day's story is not a period piece; rather, it is a beacon in the dark.

DOROTHY DAY had a happy and protected childhood. Raised an Episcopalian, she was devout, attended church every Sunday, and was especially fond of the anthems, psalms, and Collect prayers.

Unfortunately, however, her faith ran into two major problems (by no means unique to Episcopalians). In church she picked up the notion that Christianity is unequivocally against "the flesh" and the "pride of life." This notion became particularly puzzling when, in love, she experienced these forbidden feelings in a profound way.

Secondly, she noticed the plight of the poor and the reality of class struggle. Jesus loved the poor all right, but he paid meager attention to the things of this world, and said we'd always have the poor with us. Church seemed to be telling Dorothy to ignore the poor. Nevertheless, she saw that "the rich were smiled at and fawned upon by churchgoers." As Day explains it with characteristic understatement: "Children look at things very directly and simply. I did not see anyone taking

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off his coat and giving it to the poor. I didn't see anyone having a banquet and calling in the lame, the halt, and the blind." The church preached a radical otherworldliness to the poor, but not to its own prosperous members.

When, later, Day entered the University of Illinois she joined the Socialist party—from whence she moved to New York City (the East Side) and fully immersed herself in the world of radical politics.

Day was, like me and so many others, torn between a hypocritical Christianity and a passionate (but entirely this-worldly) compassion for the poor. Understandably, she chose the latter. Sadly, however, in the process her heart grew colder and harder (as did mine).

BUT DAY quickly espied new hypocrisies. The radicals' desire for solidarity with the poor sometimes mixed with an attraction to the more dissipated sectors of the poor. For Day, however, "the gesture of being dirty because the outcast is dirty [or] of . . . participating in his sin from a prideful humility, this is self-deception indeed!" (I guess it's one of the ironies of sanctity that *refusing* to give an autograph can be an act of pride!)

The *nostalgie de la boue* of too many radicals also reflected an effort to find cover—and justification—for decadent habits, and Day was frankly "revolted" by sexual promiscuity. She was also repelled by the vain ambition she encountered. Help the poor?Yes. But many radicals were also building careers for themselves in the movement and selfishly trying to find their own moment in history.

Day was experiencing inner turmoil, and yet the balance still tipped away from Christianity and toward secular radicalism. To her, churchgoers were "the tepid, the materialistic, who hoped that by Sunday churchgoing they would be taking care of the afterlife, if there was an afterlife. Meanwhile they would get everything they could in this." Ironically, on the other hand, atheistic radicals "were eager to sacrifice themselves here and now, thus doing without now and for all eternity the good things of the world which they were fighting to obtain for their brothers." These philosophical materialists were the *true* idealists while the philosophical idealists (the Christians) were the real—and really rank—materialists. For Day, vigorous "works" counted for more than a limp faith.

And yet, Day could not quite make do with the limp concept of what is now called "the invisible Christian." She felt a "blind instinct" for reverence, for worship, to bow her head in prayer, to kneel in church. Surprising even herself, she habituated "visible" churches—in particular, Roman Catholic ones. This odd attraction to Rome was not quite accidental. In America, you see, it was (in her words) "not the style" to be a Catholic, and this was a real plus. Furthermore, she reports, "it was the great mass of the poor, the workers, who were the Catholics in this country, and this fact in itself drew me to the church."

But, alas, the path to Mother Church was not to be smooth. Things were to become even more complicated. She fell deeply in love with Forster Batterham, a biologist and anarchist, and they lived (as it used to be said) in sin. And yet and yet: "my happiness made me know that there was a greater happiness. . . ." And so, Miss Day prayed even more.

DOES GOD—we might ask, following the lead of a certain Moral Majoritarian—hear the prayers of a fornicator? Apparently so.

Mired in sin, Day nevertheless "found it"—and in a way that only *she* could find it. Her problem with Christianity was a common one for a radical. It struck her as being an opiate: people turn to God in their weakness and misery, when they are finally "grossed out" by sensuality, when they need or want to *get* something. But in Day's case, she found herself turning to God at a time of strength and acute happiness, a time of intense sensuality. And incredibly, she didn't even want any favors from him. She simply wanted to give him praise, to rejoice in his name. She was an *actual instance* of that Christianized "man come of age" that Bonhoeffer elusively wrote about from the hopelessness of a prison cell and that modern theologians have ineptly fantasized about for the last two decades.

Day was finally able to see that there need be no chasm—as there had been in her childhood—between the sensual and the spiritual or between this world and the next. Day's eyes were opened to God, not by fleeing the world, but by loving it more. Her vibrant love for the creation led her to the Creator of all things. And this incarnationalism was to be the key to her spirituality and her continuing radicalism. Or so it seems to me.

Day's bliss was an awkward one, however, and was not meant to last. She gave birth to a daughter, out of wedlock, and then quickly realized that the greatest thing she could do for her beloved Tamar would be to bring her up in the church. And that meant baptism, for starters. But Forster was an ardent atheist, and so he would not consent, even to baptizing Tamar. And as a very principled anarchist who would never submit to the "rituals" of any institution, Forster would not agree to a church marriage. As Dorothy stated the dilemma engendered by her pregnancy: "A woman does not want to be alone at such a time. Even the most hardened, the most irreverent, is awed by the stupendous fact of creation. Becoming a Catholic would mean facing life alone and I clung to family life. It was hard to contemplate giving up a mate in order that my child and I could become members of the church. Forster would have nothing to do with religion or with me if I embraced it."

Day kept weighing her incipient faith and her unyielding radicalism. Perhaps, like others, she could believe without belonging to a church? But no, "my very experience as a radical . . . led me to want to associate myself with others, with the masses, in loving and praising God." And it was her radicalism that drew her precisely to the Roman Catholic church: "Without even looking into the claims of the Catholic church, I was willing to admit that for me she was the one true church. She had come down through the centuries since the time of Peter, and far from being dead, she claimed and held

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the allegiance of the masses of people in all the cities where I lived. They poured in and out of her doors. . . .'' It was the working-class's sense of solidarity—as opposed to the bourgeoisie's individualism and self-indulgence—that, she says, made her ''gradually understand the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ whereby we are the members one of another.'' Obviously, she could not be happy with a churchless phantom—or a Protestant earlobe or sectarian fingernail, for that matter. Only the Catholic Body would do.

She reached the point where she had to choose between the church or Forster, or in her stark words, between ''God or man.'' But, ''it was killing me,'' she said, to think of leaving Forster.

Bonhoeffer said that ''when Christ calls a man, he bids him come and die.'' So, what does Day do? She mortifies her desires, leaves Forster, and joins the church.

A sword pierced her heart, and she was launched into her ''long loneliness.'' If the angels were rejoicing, she didn't hear them—nor did she expect to.

IF YOU'VE ever known the utter despair of personal loss or loneliness, you'll recognize Dorothy Day's choice as one of truly heroic proportions. Apparently, it wasn't accidental that this bleak choice had been precipitated by that hulking and demanding institution, the Roman Catholic church. Strangely, Day had already been a confirmed member of the Episcopal church, but her behavior revealed an uncanny assumption that that church is not the church Catholic, nor even (as it claims itself to be) a ''branch'' thereof. She doesn't say why she might have felt this way, but neither does she seem to feel that such an assumption needs any explanation. In any case, one can speculate that the genteel and latitudinarian Episcopal church was impotent to force her to choose uncompromisingly between God and man, which choice was the only kind she took seriously. Only a radical Christianity could tame her radical soul. If she were to open herself to grace, it would have to be a ''costly grace.''

But in his ''Introduction'' to this new edition of *The Long Loneliness*, Daniel Berrigan complains that it was ''cruel'' for Dorothy to break with Forster, that her rigorous choice between God and man adversely colored her attitudes toward sex and marriage: ''A time would come when priests and religious would marry, despite the law, when lay men and women would divorce and seek other partners. In every case her reaction was unyielding. . . . She . . . broke friendships, tossed free-loving hippies out on their ears, forbade Catholic deviants access to her paper.'' This lament, of course, represents the lure of the easy out: Expect Little of Others, Expect Little of God, Expect Little of Yourself. But Dorothy Day had surely heard this siren, but in a different idiom, for if she had wanted to go that route she might have tried to forge a *modus vivendi* with Forster by, say, seeking out the vague and nonceremonial wing of the Society of Friends.

Dorothy Day had fallen in love with Jesus in a drastic way. And such a love necessarily brings complications. It pits sister against brother. And so her Catholicism quickly put up a barrier between her and her radical friends. A ''bitterness'' came over her as she realized she had fundamental philosophical differences with them, for the 1930s were a time for collective action, and she found herself—distrusted by radicals and ill-at-ease in the church—out in the cold.

So while Day had resolved old inner conflicts she was faced with a new one: ''I was just as much against capitalism and imperialism as ever, and here I was going over to the opposition, because of course the church was lined up with property, with the wealthy, with the state, with capitalism, with all the forces of reaction. . . .'' Oh yes, the church gave out plenty of charity, but there was ''too little justice.'' It was Day's strong sense of ''man's dignity and worth, and what was due to him in justice'' that made her resent the charitable institutions of the church.

Man's dignity! Justice! Is this disdain for mere charity a radical's arrogance? Well, just ask yourself: Does Pope John Paul II content himself with begging the rulers of Poland to give the workers more charity? No. He announces the dignity of man—which is rooted in the Incarnation and thus calls for a *just* social order. (Alms are not enough.) And he does this not only in Poland, but throughout the world.

When one reflects on the social encyclicals and utterances of recent popes, it is amazing to contemplate what a pioneer Dorothy Day has been. It would strain credibility for anyone to claim with a straight face that today's church is simply ''lined up with property,'' etc. It is precisely because the church is *not* in capitalism's hip pocket that the Michael Novaks and Ernest Lefevers are currently attacking the social stance of the church.

Oddly, Dorothy Day was afraid of ''going over to the opposition''—but, actually, over the years the church has, in the development of her social doctrine, been coming over to her. She was—without being disloyal to the magisterium or even disrespectful to the likes of Cardinal Spellman—simply a bit ahead of her time.

However radical Day has been, she was first and foremost radically *Catholic*. Few of her admirers or detractors have grasped this. Just as she sought out a way of reconciling body and soul, so she longed for a reconciliation of this world and the next. Just as our Lord taught us to pray that God's will be done on earth as well as in heaven, Dorothy sought to let her light shine in such a way that this life became for others a foretaste of heaven. And why not? ''All the way to heaven is heaven,'' she loved to say, quoting St. Catherine of Siena, who added, ''because He said, 'I am the Way.''' Christ's

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By Little and by Little, a collection of material from Dorothy Day's writings between 1928 and her death, will be published at the end of May. Robert Ellsberg, managing editor of *The Catholic Worker* from 1976 to 1978, has made the selection and written an introduction. The publisher is Alfred A. Knopf ($17.95, $9.95 in paper).

Kingdom is "not yet"—and still, it can be found within us. His Kingdom has not yet come in its fullness, and yet the *way* to the Kingdom is the Kingdom too—or at least it can be for those who abandon every facet of their lives to their Lord. The sundering of body and soul—just like the divorce of this world from the next—are Gnostic enterprises, and Day would have nothing to do with either.

IN MANY WAYS, the tensions between Day's new-found faith and her on-going radicalism were resolved when—through the good offices of George Shuster, then managing editor of *Commonweal*—she met Peter Maurin, the French-born peasant-philosopher and troubadour of Christ. Together they founded the Catholic Worker movement, the purpose of which was to work for a society in which it is easier for people to be good. Was this to be a paternalistic do-goodism of the routine sort? Not at all. Day and Maurin had no wish to create a Leviathan state that would simply *force* people to be good. They knew that people want happiness, and that the chance for goodness makes people happy. Unlike so many secular radicals, they did not harbor a secret distrust of ordinary people. Like the radicals, Day romantically loved "the masses," but—in spite of her gritty, day-by-day involvement with the most unlovely of people—she loved *actual* human beings even *more*.

Dorothy and Peter wanted to give people responsibility for their future, and that could not be done by simply transferring ownership of the means of production from the capitalists to the state. No, ownership would have to be transferred to workers themselves. Ownership cultivates responsibility, and only when the workers own and operate their own factories will they act responsibly toward their enterprises, and only then will enterprises truly be run for the benefit of all. (And, lo and behold, we find Pope John Paul II endorsing such plans for workers' self-management in his encyclical *Laborem Exercens*!)

Day's and Maurin's anarcho-syndicalist vision had—and still has—the signal virtue of being the only radicalism around that recognizes that if people are to change society they must also change—and be allowed to change—their own hearts and minds. Personal conversion, not social engineering by government, is the key, for Day and Maurin always insisted on the "primacy of the spiritual."

But, again, being "spiritual" did *not* mean being indifferent to the pain of the world and to violations of human dignity. It did not entail Gnostic flight. But, you may ask, how can one be spiritual and still love the world? How, without falling into self-refutation, could Day and Maurin embrace Lady Poverty (i.e., voluntary poverty for themselves) and yet fight against the *in*voluntary poverty suffered by others? The answer is Christian love. As Day put it so poignantly: "We were ready to 'endure wrongs patiently' for ourselves . . . but we were not going to be meek for others, enduring *their* wrongs patiently." Dorothy Day does not make the awesome parallel, but it should be made: Christ healed and rescued others, but himself he would not deliver from the pain and death of the cross.

But why this special concern for the poor? "We felt a respect for the poor and destitute as those nearest to God, as those chosen by Christ for his compassion." This may have sounded Communistic in the 1930s, but it is Catholic teaching. Today's "conservative" pope openly affirms the church's "preferential option for the poor." And the pope is no Communist.

But if poverty (however voluntary) is so great, why did the Catholic Worker Movement want to relieve the poor of their (admittedly *in*voluntary) poverty? Did Dorothy and Peter, like the secular radicals of our time, simply want to make the poor affluent? No. The poor should certainly have their necessities met—but there's a big difference between sufficiency and affluence. And this distinction turns on the primacy of the spiritual. Day liked to cite Eric Gill, who said Christ came to make the rich poor and the poor *holy*. The trouble with *in*voluntary poverty is that it is destitution, the misery of which often only inflames the appetite for worldly things. A voluntary poverty, on the other hand, can free one from that appetite.

Day knew well that "the world" has two meanings for a Christian. The world in the physical sense—the creation, of which the body is a part—is good and to be honored. But the world in the sense of "being worldly"—of being fixated on worldly things—is evil. The world as such is not evil, but the worldly spirit is. Money is not evil in itself, but the love of money is the root of all evil. The Christian attitude toward possessions must be one neither of flight nor adoration but of indifference. (Dorothy abjured possessions for herself, but she conceded that her example was not obligatory for every Christian.)

Insofar as the wealthy are gripped by the spirits of acquisitiveness or possessiveness or by an unwillingness to share, their "impoverishment" could be redemptive for them. And insofar as the poor hunger for what the wealthy cling to, they too need liberation from the spirit of the world—in this case, from envy. Were the material *goods* of this world more equitably distributed and used for human well-being instead of personal aggrandizement, the poor could perhaps be freed of their envy and the rich of their greed. Fundamentally, these are *spiritual* concerns, not political ones. This, I think, is why so many people—even those who disagree with the particular stands Miss Day took on the issues of her day—honor and esteem her. The motives were blazingly Christocentric.

Unlike the secular radicals—who have perhaps done the right things, but for the wrong reason (which, said Eliot, is the greatest treason), Dorothy Day did the right things, and for the *right* reason. And that reason is holiness.

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A FILM, A FABLE, & THE PASTORAL LETTER

The good soldier Samaritan

MICHAEL GALLAGHER

IT'S THE Sengoku or "warring countries" era in Japanese history, the late sixteenth century, a period when there has been no functioning central authority for more than two centuries, and Japan is torn by feudal wars, local lords contending one against another to increase the size of their fiefdoms. In the meantime the common people struggle to survive, and rice is more valuable than gold.

A farming village, repeatedly victimized by a band of vicious robbers, learns that the robbers intend to attack again, at harvest time. The men of the village hold a despairing council and then go to consult an old man who lives apart, a wise elder who has seen more of the world than they. He tells them to hire samurai to defend the village. The advice fills them with dismay. The consequences of an unsuccessful resistance would be massacre. One young farmer, however, who lost not only his rice to the robbers in the last raid but a beloved wife, has had enough. He angrily berates the others for their cowardice, and he finally prevails.

And so the farmers, using the only currency they have, rice, hire seven samurai made masterless by the fortunes of war. Under their leadership the villagers learn the rudiments of the art of war, and when harvest time comes and the robbers strike, samurai and farmers, fighting from prepared positions, destroy the band in a series of desperate, savage struggles.

If you know your movies, you must have realized quite soon that I was describing *Seven Samurai*, Akira Kurosawa's much imitated but never equaled masterpiece. And even if you don't know your movies and, as a Catholic liberal, have far more serious things on your mind than movies, I suggest, nonetheless, that there is some merit in bringing this one to your attention at this particular time.

For though I'm inclined to doubt that Bishop John J. O'Connor, vicar general of the Military Ordinariate, ever saw Kurosawa's film, I think he'd like it very much. If ever there was a movie made that more perfectly illustrated the worth of the just-war theory, I've yet to see it.

Seven Samurai was released in April of 1954, a time when I, a passed-over Pfc., happened to be in Japan at government expense, having returned from Korea the previous fall with my regiment, the 187th Airborne commanded by then Brigadier General William Westmoreland. I tried to get in to see it at a little movie theatre in Beppu, Kyushu, but the crowd was too large, and I gave up. As it turned out I had to wait ten years to see *Seven Samurai*, and in the twenty years since, I've seen it three more times, the latest just last month in a hushed upper Broadway theater where, nearly thirty years after it was made, it had a run, all three-and-a-half hours of it, of six weeks.

When you see a film again and again under such circumstances, it affects you differently. It remains the same, of course. It's you who change.

I don't know exactly how *Seven Samurai* would have hit me had I managed to outwait the crowd that spring afternoon in Beppu, but since I was immensely proud of being a paratrooper—an accomplishment that made up for having been president of the Little Theater Society in college—I have a pretty good idea. (A few days after I had completed jump school at Ft. Benning, for example, I saw some lesser John Wayne epic in Columbus, Georgia, and I remember reaching up and running my thumb over the winged parachute badge on the breast of my Ike jacket and feeling a warm glow.)

When I saw *Seven Samurai* ten years later at a Kurosawa festival in Tokyo, however, I was a Jesuit seminarian and already the pacifist of sorts that I remain, but, still, this magnificent film moved me very much. I saw it, moreover, not only as an elegy to the warrior class but also to ordinary men who take up arms fearfully and fight bravely for their homes and families.

Beyond being a Jesuit, there was a further significant difference to my circumstances in 1964. I was surrounded by pacifists in the course of my work—pacifists pure as the driven snow, not temporizers like myself. I taught one day a week at the University of Tokyo and so was in close contact with the *crème de la crème* of Japanese youth. Today, I'm sure, most of them are making a lot more money than I, working for Sony, Mitsubishi, and Hitachi or moving up steadily in government service, but in those days they professed to be Marxist in outlook, radical in politics, and, of course, anti-American. (There was nothing personal about all of this, naturally.) And, above all else, they were pacifists. If I had agonized over my pacifism, however, they had not. They were so smug about it, in fact, that they got under my skin.

So one day, I put it to them: "Look," I said, "you've all seen Kurosawa's *Seven Samurai*, haven't you?" Indeed they

MICHAEL GALLAGHER, *a film critic for the National Catholic News Service, was nominated for a National Book Award for his translation of Yukio Mishima's* Spring Snow.

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had. "Well," I went on, with a slightly malicious inflection that a good religious and dedicated missionary should have eschewed, "what should the farmers have done? Should they just have said to the robbers when they came riding into the village, 'Here you are, here's our rice. Here's our wives. Here's our daughters. Do you see anything else you might like? Just look around, take your time."

A profound silence greeted my jesuitical query. The Japanese educational system, much like our own, stresses conformity and neglects the Socratic approach. When you ask questions, no matter how well prepared the soil, you take a certain risk. At any rate, after a few awkward moments, somebody ventured the response that taking up arms under such circumstances didn't conflict with pacifism since it was a matter of fighting against imperialistic aggression. But the rest of these surpassingly bright boys and girls demurred, realizing that they had no ready answer. And, as happens in Japan, we all pretended that the question hadn't really been asked and went on to other things.

ACTUALLY, had they thought to turn the question back on me, I wouldn't have had a ready answer either—if I were a strict pacifist, that is, and not one "of sorts." For strict pacifism under these circumstances would have entailed exactly what I had said. And the men of the village—after they gave up all their rice, whichever wives and daughters caught the brigands' fancy, and whatever else these brutal and rapacious men might have wanted—would have at so dear a price bought not more than a respite from death. For they would have succumbed to starvation soon enough unless their despoilers happened to be an unusually enlighted band of robbers willing to leave them enough rice to plant and live on to ensure the next crop. (But when robbers become that enlightened they're no longer called robbers but landlords.)

Nor would strict pacifism bolstered by Gandhi's strategy of non-violent non-cooperation have helped matters much. Even if there had been a potential Gandhi in that little village, he would have lacked all the advantage that Gandhi had. There was no rail system to give him mobility, and no mass media to make what happened in a single village in India today front-page news in London tomorrow, both of these boons, ironically enough, gifts of the conquerer.

Our Japanese Gandhi would also have been up against a quite different foe. The British, after all, subscribed to principles. They might have been highly selective in applying them when dealing with lesser breeds without the law, but the principles were there, nonetheless, highly inconvenient baggage for a conquerer once the wogs started going to Cambridge and Oxford and became aware that British superiority had an Achilles heel. And, finally, there were a lot more Indians than British in India.

And so if Gandhi's methods had been tried in this unnamed village, death would have come swiftly instead of slowly, and it would have been just as anonymous.

What would I have done had I been a farmer in that village, even a Christian farmer? Well, I hope that I would have had the courage to do exactly what the young farmer did. Go out and hire the samurai, learn from them, fight alongside them, and, once victory was attained, mourn the brave dead—including four of the seven, who, as befits leaders, lost far more of their number proportionally than did the farmers—and then get on with life, starting with planting a new crop.

Which brings me to my third viewing of *Seven Samurai*, just last month. The young paratrooper, the relatively young Jesuit seminarian—both have given way to the family man past fifty, the father of two young daughters. And this is the viewing that made me think of Bishop O'Connor. More specifically, it made me think of a talk Bishop O'Connor gave last October to a group of Catholics who apparently felt that the first two drafts of the bishops' pastoral letter on nuclear weapons represented a shocking departure from Catholic thinking in the area of war and peace.

What do I say when Bishop O'Connor puts to me, so the speak, the following dilemma as enunciated before that group: "I am personally haunted by the question: 'What would the Good Samaritan have done if he had arrived as the traveler was being attacked?' Would he have not intervened with force—abstaining from helping the man?"

The question, given the mood of his audience, was obviously a rhetorical one. But actually, it's not. In terms of the just-war doctrine, which I, too, revere, several answers are possible depending upon the circumstances. Let's consider those circumstances.

The cause in which the Good Samaritan might intervene with force is obviously a just cause. An innocent man is being beaten and robbed, the victim of a vicious, unprovoked assault. No problem at all in verifying this condition for the just use of force. But from now on we run into trouble.

How many robbers are there? How tough are they? How well armed are they? How formidable is our Good Samaritan? What force does he have at his disposal?

If our Good Samaritan was indeed a tough customer, and if he had, moreover, six companions just as formidable, making Seven Samaritans, then I'd say, "Go ahead. Lay on, Good Samaritan! Prevent an injustice from being done and save the victim from further injury."

But suppose he's all by himself and not especially warlike? If he intervenes in such circumstances, he's sure to lose and become a victim himself. Thus he wouldn't be in a position to give succor to the first victim, and, worse yet, he might rouse the robbers to such a pitch of fury that they would not only beat and rob but actually kill one or both of them. (Of course, if it seemed that they were indeed out to kill their victim to begin with, then the right thing could well be to intervene, despite the risk to self, with the hope of somehow preventing this from happening. But that's not the Gospel example.)

In these circumstances, then, two of the conditions necessary for a just war would not be fulfilled. There would not be a reasonable hope of victory, and more evil than good would obviously result from intervention.

Let's take another example. Our Samaritan is warlike enough, but he's all by himself. Four robbers armed with clubs

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are assaulting the victim. Our Samaritan has a sword. If he intervenes, he must use maximum force, probably lethal force, in order to have any chance of victory. To rout the robbers, he's going to have to attack without warning and inflict wounds on one or two of them that may well be fatal. What then? The just-war doctrine would, as I see it, allow him to intervene. For though the doctrine calls for the use of no more force than is necessary, under these circumstances the maximum is necessary. He is directing his force, morever, against those who are directly responsible for the unjust aggression, a very important point.

FINALLY, LET'S consider another way of intervening, a way that could be most effective—could be—even if the Good Samaritan is alone, unarmed, feeble, and the forces ranged against him are a dozen fierce robbers armed to the teeth.

One condition would have to be met, however, before the Good Samaritan could use this strategy. The robbers would have to have their wives and children with them. If they did, however, all the Good Samaritan would have to do would be to rush over to the women and children, snatch a baby from a mother's arms, grasp it by the ankles, and threaten to dash out its brains against the nearest rock unless the robbers immediately ceased and desisted.

Now I'm sure that this is not the kind of intervention that Bishop O'Connor had in mind, but whatever the incidental imperfections my example might have, as a rough analogy it will do nicely. For if Bishop O'Connor wishes to bring up an example like this as a metaphor of the actual situation that confronts us in all its terrible complexity, it's obvious that we can't think in terms of a John Wayne-style intervention, wading in with a Semitic shillelagh to whale the tar out of the perpetrators. We are talking about a willingness to restage Herod the Great's masterpiece: the Slaughter of the Innocents.

Whatever backing and filling there has been in government policy statements recently—and more about that later—this threatened slaughter has been at the heart of basic American nuclear strategy since the day of Curtis Le May, who, as the commander of the Strategic Air Command, happened to be the principal speaker at my graduation from John Carroll University in 1952. He's a man whom I honor for his bravery as a soldier, but he is a man, nonetheless, who, as the leader of the fire bomb assaults on Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka, bears a major share of responsibility for the slaughter of, not a dozen or so, but thousands of babies—and not by a quick blow to the head either but by burning them to death. And make no mistake about it, the intention to do just this again if need be—on a scale so vast as to be literally unconceivable—is the *sine qua non* of the balance of terror.

The bishops are not against the use of force, even lethal force. They are against a particular use of lethal force.

In a justly celebrated statement—highlighted in Richard Attenborough's superb movie—Gandhi said that there were causes in which he was prepared to die but there were no causes in which he was prepared to kill.

I part company with Gandhi there. There are causes in which I am prepared to kill. In fact there are causes in which I might feel obligated to kill. I also disagree with Gandhi when he said that the use of force makes you like your oppressor. Not necessarily.

Kurosawa's samurai and peasants fighting in a just cause—fighting for their lives, fighting to prevent helpless women and children from falling into the hands of cruel and vicious men—did not thereby become cruel and vicious men themselves. But when our Good Samaritan takes hold of that baby and steels himself to kill it, he not only becomes like the robbers, he becomes far worse.

Very likely the Good Samaritan's gambit would not have worked. Just as the Soviets, if their leaders really are the perverse idealists that some members of the current administration make them out to be, might someday decide that they can spare some thirty or forty million comrades for the sake of the final triumph of Communism, so the robbers might not have been that tender towards their offspring. Especially if the Good Samaritan, instead of grabbing the son of the robber chief, had been unlucky enough to snatch up somebody's else's worthless daughter.

IN SHORT ORDER, then, the baby would die, the Good Samaritan would die, and the original victim would die. But what has to be stressed here, however, is that the Good Samaritan's strategy is wrong not *merely because it may well prove to be inefficacious and bring about the death of three people, but because it involves the intention to kill an innocent person.* Most of the six million Jews who perished in the Holocaust would probably be dead now. It is a terrible evil that their lives were cut short. But the even greater evil is not simply that the six million are dead—or that those lives were cut short, as they would have been, say, by a plague or famine—but that thousands and thousands of people, most of them at least nominal Christians, *killed* them, and millions of others, not a few of them fervent Christians, managed to persuade themselves that all this was none of their business.

Now a number of critics of the bishops' pastoral, including some whom Bishop O'Connor was addressing, have linked the bishops with Jonathan Schell's concern about planetary destruction and accused them of materialism, of believing in survival at no matter what cost to spiritual values, in short of holding "better Red than dead." Apart from catching onto a phrase or so in the draft letter, these critics were in gross error. Yes, the bishops are worried about planetary destruction—shouldn't they be? Yes, the bishops are worried about masses of people dying—is that unreasonable? But the bishops are more concerned about killing. Certainly, fervently, I don't want to see my two little daughters perish as did hundreds of little Japanese girls at Hiroshima and Nagasaki (or little Chinese girls at Nanking), but, as a Christian, I'm still more horrified at the prospect of being a party to, and assenting with my silence to, preparations to kill millions of little Russian girls.

But am I beating a dead horse here?

For, though you might not know this, Bishop O'Connor and

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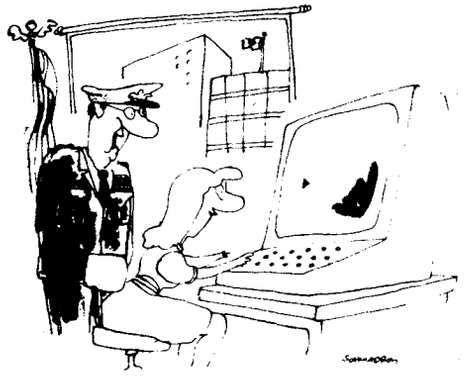
many of the critics of the pastoral letter acknowledge the immorality of city-busting, Mutually Assured Destruction, or whatever else you'd like to call it. At least that is true of all those whose views, expressed at that same meeting last October, were collected with Bishop O'Connor's in the booklet *Justice and War in the Nuclear Age*. In Philip Lawler's introduction to *Justice and War in the Nuclear Age*, he writes: "If we reject the doctrine of Mutually Assured Destruction (as all the authors in this volume do). . . ." So there you have it. Neatly tucked into a parenthesis.

Bishop O'Connor, to give him full credit, has been much more forthcoming. In his admirable and, I think, often unfairly reviewed book *In Defense of Life*, he gave a fine summary of what the church had said on nuclear war up till that point, (1981) and went on to draw some conclusions. The key conclusion he put this way in good old-fashioned catechetical style: "Can the use of nuclear weapons ever be justified?" He answered with a distinction. "Strategic nuclear weapons if understood as weapons of massive destruction: No. 'Tactical' nuclear weapons or other nuclear weapons if understood as not weapons of massive destruction: *Perhaps*." (Emphasis Bishop O'Connor's.)

WHAT AM I getting so worked up about then? Well, do you remember the perhaps apocryphal story of a mob of rabidly anti-clerical workers and peasants in some Latin country who broke into the cathedral and indulged in an orgy of destruction and sacrilege? In the course of their rampage, they finally made their way down to the cellar, and over in a corner they found an old unopened cobweb-covered packing case with "Roma" stamped on it. They tore it open—and found copies of *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, the two great encyclicals on reforming the social order.

It's not enough to have the correct answers tucked away somewhere or other. It's essential, all the more essential in times of grave crisis, to have them all out there on the table where everybody can see them—even if some of the answers don't happen to be convenient for your particular political or social stance.

Let me conclude by putting in question form some of the things that have bothered me:



"It's really very simple, Miss Everhart. Now you just move the cursor across the screen to the area of the world you wish to destroy."

1. Why have so many critics persisted in accusing the bishops, at least by implication but not always by implication, of having rejected the just-war theory when even a cursory reading of the various drafts of the pastoral should make clear that, even though *The Challenge of Peace* certainly honors the pacifist tradition and staunchly defends its legitimacy, nonetheless, the tradition that lies behind those specific recommendations that these critics take exception to is not pacifism but rigorously applied just-war theory?

2. If these critics are indeed at least as much opposed to counter-city warfare as they are to the pastoral letter, why is this so little known? Bad public relations? Or could it be that some of their public pronouncements as well as, I regret to say, Bishop O'Connor's homily on the Good Samaritan, have been a bit simplistic.

3. Finally, if counter-city warfare is abhorrent to these concerned critics of the pastoral why did it take the advent of the pastoral letter to provoke them into organized action? Counter-city warfare, after all, long ago became as American as apple pie. General LeMay explained it all to my parents and me on the campus of John Carroll University one halcyon June afternoon in 1952.

It is true that a spokesman like General LeMay would probably not offer that explanation on a Catholic campus today. Catholic campuses have changed. Official explanations have changed. And maybe — but I'm not really sure — our nuclear strategy has changed. National Security Adviser William P. Clark has declared that Soviet civilian populations are no longer targeted "as such," which must come as a great comfort to the mother in Leningrad nursing her baby. (Of course, it is not meant to come as a comfort to the Leningrad mother; it is meant to come as a comfort to us.) Clark's statement and others like it from Mr. Weinberger put an end to a certain ambiguity in official *explanations* of our nuclear strategy, although not necessarily in the strategy itself. This shift, it seems, took place under pressure of the pastoral letter. If these critics of the pastoral who also abhor counter-city warfare had anything to do with this shift, it must have been an exercise in "quiet diplomacy." But the bishops' third draft has already noted the new official position and found it as wanting in some if not all the ways as the old city-busting doctrine. Will the bishops' critics wait this one out, too, and forcefully voice their abhorrence of the immoral potential of current "counter-force" strategies only when the government is ready to take its official explanation elsewhere?

In his famous statement about everything changing with the splitting of the atom but man's way of thinking, Einstein was, in effect, calling for that change. And so, however attractive might be the images of the Seven Samurai and of the Good Samaritan as John Wayne, I think it's best we put them aside when we start talking about something as complex and awful as nuclear war.

And it would also be a good idea for bishops and pastors to go down into the cellar and start unpacking. How many people do you know who have read the drafts of the pastoral letter—any of them? How many sermons have you heard on it?

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Screen

BAD EXCUSES

MOVIES FOR TEENAGERS

A TEENAGE girl I know—she's fifteen, I think—saw an invitation to a preview of *Bad Boys* on my desk. "That's just the kind of movie I would hate," she said. "I can't *stand* movies like that." She spoke with anger, with anxiety almost, that startled me. The mere existence of the movie made her feel threatened not only socially or culturally, but, I sensed, sexually. It was as if, young as she is, she already knew better than what this movie had to tell her; yet she still feared she might not be able to deal with its perniciousness. Her reaction cut off all further discussion, so I didn't ask her what she thought there was in *Bad Boys* that could be this upsetting. But I wanted to know. I confess, in fact, that her rejection of the movie aroused my curiosity about it. This girl's opinions carry a certain weight with me. She babysits for my daughter, and I've come to realize that one of the pleasures of a a night out to which I look forward is chatting with her when I walk her home afterwards. What was it that this bright, lively, serious girl knew so clearly about *Bad Boys* without even seeing it?

Though she may be smart enough to know she wouldn't like this movie, it has been made in the hopes that most teenagers won't be that sensitive. It's a movie not only about teenagers, but for them, one made to appeal to what Hollywood thinks of as teenage sensibilities. It tries to give its intended audience a way to identify with its characters. In the first scene, Michael (Sean Penn) snatches a woman's purse and, for good measure, mugs a man who tries to retrieve it for her. In the next scene in which we see him, he uses the proceeds from the muggings to buy an illegal handgun. In his third scene, he won't turn down his record player, even when his mom asks him. You see, the real problems of teenagers are universal. There is also an intentional heavy-handedness in the way director Rick Rosenthal deals with visual detail. He must think he has to give it special glare in order to get through to moviegoers drowsing in the haze of their own hormones. As Michael arrives, amidst thunder and lightning, at the youth correctional facility to which he has been sentenced, what emerges from the van door is not the boy himself, but a pair of sneakers and leg irons in tight close-up.

The bad timing that produced a thunderstorm just as Michael arrived at the gates of the correctional facility is evident throughout Richard De Lello's script for *Bad Boys*. Such coincidences, when they occur on the larger scale of the plot, make the melodrama here seem hopelessly juvenile. The chief misfortune to befall the characters in this film is that after a shootout with a teen rival named Paco (Esai Morales), Michael leads the Chicago police on a wild car chase that ends when he jumps a curb and runs down a little boy, who happens to be Paco's little brother. The happenstance is later compounded when Paco, convicted in a separate case, is put into the same cell block with Michael because that's the only space available for him in the entire Illinois correctional system. De Lello didn't invent this sort of coincidence. It's a convention of teenage fiction, as can be seen from another current movie, Francis Ford Coppola's *The Outsiders*, which is based on one of S.E. Hinton's enormously popular novels for teenagers. In this story, some young fugitives hide in an abandoned, rural church because nobody ever comes there; but the first time they leave for a few hours, they return to find the building a roaring inferno full of children. This gives the boys a serendipitous opportunity to do something socially redeeming.

It is a fact universally acknowledged that the teens are an awkward time for kids. Maybe they need equally clumsy stories to satisfy them. I remember when I was in my early teens reading a novel about a boy who built a hot rod and died in a crash while drag racing. His girlfriend put a model he had made of his car on his grave. I thought that was the neatest thing I'd ever read, as you can tell from the fact that I remember it still. Your teens are when the pastels used for the illustration in the storybooks you read as a child deepen into more lurid colors—the splatter of blood on a wall that Rosenthal shows us in another of his thumping close-ups, or the red suit that Michael's girlfriend J.C. (Ally Sheedy) dreams he wears in his coffin. "Don't dream," Michael tells her solemnly. In the running down of Paco's brother or the fire at the church in *The Outsiders*, coincidence of the kind seen in fairy tales has been fleshed out with adult realism. The portentous visual detail that we find in such movies is just the pimple on the nose of their gangly plots.

One more of these details that I might mention is the sparking of the tracks as a train passes overhead on the El. This is an image to which the movie cuts at the moment when Paco and a friend rape Michael's girl beneath the El line. The modesty that this cut-away represents, as if the filmmakers would avert our eyes, is a false gesture. In the first place, it has commercial motive, which is to preserve the MPAA rating that certifies *Bad Boys* for teenage audiences. In the second place, showing us this garish metaphor in place of the incident for which it stands is a way to hedge about the inclusion of such material in the plot. The crude imagery makes a plea for us to accept the coarseness of the lives we see here, even to admire it. The visual detail and plotting of the movie make excuses for the nastiness of the action, as if bad art somehow gave credence or validity to these bad boys.

I don't know whether the girl who babysits for my daughter actually guessed that a film like this must have a rape scene in it—a scene whose only point is to say, "Well, that's the way it is, such things happen." Even if the scene weren't there, her intuition about the movie would still be right. It's a film that exalts violence and brutality by accepting them. You don't have to be a teenage girl to feel threatened at such a vision. I feel that way myself.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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A NON-PACIFIST LOOKS BACK AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The rock of contention

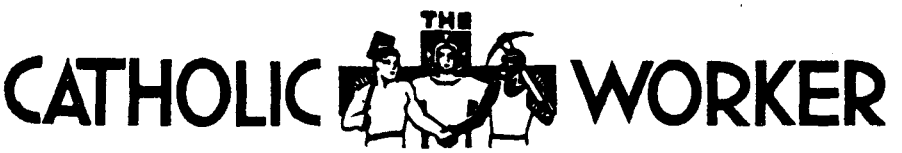
JAMES O'GARA

WILL AN ACCOUNT of the Catholic Worker movement ever be written that satisfies everyone or almost everyone who participated in the movement? Probably not. William D. Miller's two books, *A Harsh and Dreadful Love* and *Dorothy Day: A Biography* provoked strong criticism from some former and present-day Catholic Workers. Mel Piehl's *Breaking Bread** is likely to do the same, if for different reasons. Certainly many who knew and loved Peter Maurin will feel Piehl badly underestimated Peter's role as co-founder with Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker movement.

But critics of both authors have to admit the difficulties that face anyone writing about the Catholic Worker. A thorough history of the movement would be a mammoth undertaking. At its peak before World War II the CW had something like forty Houses of Hospitality and farms throughout the country, as well as branches in England and Australia. Each house or farm normally had at least a few people to run it and often there were rather sizable Catholic Worker groups. Uniformity inside such groups was definitely not the rule. As members of a movement that prided itself on having no written constitution or rules, individual Catholic Workers tended to differ sharply in outlook and approach from person to person. Further, the composition of such groups naturally changed regularly as people married, died, or just went off to other interests; and any historian trying to trace the details of the movement would have his work cut out for him. For a really complete history, one would need to search out and interview a representative group of such Catholic Workers from all those houses and farms, and that effort would require a generous foundation grant or a whopping advance from a major publisher. Perhaps that book will never be written.

Breaking Bread does not purport to be such a history, although it necessarily contains a certain amount of it. Rather it is an effort to describe the impact of Catholic Worker radicalism on the Catholic church in the United States. Even within this restricted purpose, the author of *Breaking Bread* can be faulted for not talking to more people, people not too hard to find. Tom Sullivan, originally of the Chicago Catholic Worker and a non-pacifist, ran the New York house for ten years after his wartime service in the Air Corps and knew Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin very well; he is mentioned twice, once inaccurately, he says, and he was not interviewed. Nina Polcyn Moore, an early Catholic Worker from Milwaukee and a dear friend and traveling companion of Dorothy Day's, is not even mentioned. Long-time Catholic Worker Gerry Griffin of the New York house, who served in the American Friends' ambulance corps during the war, is mentioned only in passing, and so too are many others of varying viewpoints. Perhaps the problem is that *Breaking Bread* was originally a doctoral dissertation, although a livelier one than usual; like much such work it relies heavily on published sources and available archives rather than on more journalistic probing. In general, those who have interviews on file in the CW archives or who wrote for the New York or other CW papers are quoted; others are not. This may be understandable given the limitations of a Ph.D. thesis, but it still necessarily leaves holes in the final outcome.

WITH THAT SAID, though, I found *Breaking Bread* a very interesting, perceptive, and highly readable book. Within a broad context of American history, it raises questions that have never been discussed before, like why the CW arose inside Catholicism rather than Protestantism. And in the process it conveys some idea of the variety to be found inside the movement. The fact is that the Catholic Worker, like the elephant, looks different to every beholder, and I am not even sure how many of the participants over the years accepted the whole CW outlook without reservation.



To many, probably most, the Catholic Worker was primarily a means to carry out the corporal works of mercy, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless. This was, I suspect, the major impact the Catholic Worker had on those who joined its ranks, if one can use a term like that for such a non-organized movement. Most of us who were drawn to the CW had grown up as Catholics, and the Gospel was hardly foreign to us. Yet that Gospel had always come to us swathed in institutional and highly sanitized forms. I think I was typical when I say that while the whole of my education had been Catholic, I had never heard of the Catholic Worker until I became a member of a Jocist-style Catholic Action group—or cell, as I'm afraid we called them in those days. The effect on people like me of convert Dorothy Day's challenge to live in voluntary poverty, to see Christ in the hungry, in the homeless, in the naked, was revolutionary.

Yet there was more, much more, to the Catholic Worker than the simple works of mercy carried out in the CW Houses of

* *Breaking Bread: The Catholic Worker and the Origin of Catholic Radicalism in America*. Mel Piehl, Temple University Press, $19.95, 296 pp.

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Hospitality. The Catholic Worker was interested in structural change as well as immediate amelioration. It called on its followers to open their eyes to the sins and injustice of the current social order. There was indoctrination, agitation, propaganda if you will. To some the agrarian, anti-industrial, back-to-the-land aspect of the movement was of paramount importance. Others never felt better than when they were carrying a strike sign on a union picket line. To still others the fight against racism and all its associated evils was the central concern—many Houses of Hospitality were pioneering interracial centers before there was a civil rights movement. There were roundtable discussions, and reading, much reading, of everyone from Berdyaev to Bloy, from Mounier to Maritain. And whether we who ultimately rejected it were happy about the fact or not, there was the pacifism that was always a strong theme in the movement's credo—although some still deny that Peter Maurin was a pacifist.

Pacifism—for some of us that is what ended our ties with the movement. A word is in order about the nature of that pacifism. As William D. Miller documents in his *A Harsh and Dreadful Love*, early CW writing against war echoed a good bit of the secular anti-war spirit of the 1930s. That spirit was an amalgam of disillusionment with World War I, combined with a hefty dose of the Oxbridge pledge of "won't fight for king or country," mixed with a big helping of repugnance for capitalist war profiteers, and all this salted with a strong sprinkling of isolationism. It added up to a mood whose spread all over the western world had much to do with the failure to stop Hitler before world war became inevitable. As time went by, however, and the situation in Europe became more critical, the Catholic Worker's anti-war stance went through a gradual evolution. In the end it became much more exclusively an authentic religious pacifism, an opposition to violence and war rooted in Christian tradition and solidly Gospel-oriented.

JAMES O'GARA *is the editor of* Commonweal.

IN THE MONTHS after Hitler invaded Poland, tensions developed inside the Catholic Worker between the majority pacifists and the minority non-pacifists. At least one group on the West Coast refused to distribute the New York paper. To illustrate this tension between pacifist and non-pacifist, Piehl chose to devote a section of his book to the Chicago branch of the movement. His reasons are clear. Chicago had a long-established CW; its House of Hospitality was sizable and well supported, providing something like a thousand meals a day; it published the *Chicago Catholic Worker* which had a respectable if small circulation and which some people liked better than the New York paper; and it produced John Cogley, head of the house and editor of the paper, later executive editor of *Commonweal*, religion editor of the *New York Times*, and editor of the *Center Magazine*—probably the outstanding journalist, with the possible exception of Dorothy Day herself, to come out of the movement.

During 1940 and 1941, for a period of only a little over a year, I was a member of the Chicago Catholic Worker group, sharing in the running of the House of Hospitality and in editing the paper. I cannot speak for the CW history in Chicago before my time—Piehl talked to Ed Marciniak, which was good, but he should have got the perspectives of people like Tom Sullivan, Al and Catherine Reser, John Doebele, Marty Paul, and others. I know, for example, that Tom at least would take exception to Mr. Piehl's characterization of early Catholic Worker John Bowers as eccentric. But I think the picture of the time-span with which I am familiar is roughly accurate.

The crucial issue in that period was pacifism. In the summer of 1940, in a move highly unusual in a personalist movement with few central directives, Dorothy Day sent a letter to all the groups, a letter which dealt with the pacifist issue and which many could only interpret as a take-it-or-leave-it ultimatum. In Chicago it was taken that way: Tom Sullivan left the house over the issue, and John Cogley talked about leaving. As for me, I was twenty-two years old and on the fringes of the movement, visiting the house regularly, attending lectures there, getting to know people who became lifelong friends. I was never a pacifist in the full Catholic Worker mode, but at that time I was inclined toward conscientious objection, influenced by the argument that the means used in modern warfare could not be justified in traditional Catholic doctrine. When the dispute over the pacifist issue made it seem that there would be no one left to keep the house open and operating, I moved in. It was not an easy way of life, but I never regretted it.

I don't remember that Mr. Piehl talks of this, but I have always been struck by the vast differences that seem to exist in the clientele of Houses of Hospitality from era to era and perhaps even from city to city. When I was with the Catholic Worker, war production had not yet put an end to the Great Depression, and guests in the house and in the line tended to be from the temporarily unemployed, many of them young men who had come to Chicago from smaller towns in search of work. Today my impression is that alcoholics and the disturbed dumped out of mental hospitals are more numerous—which makes the need just as urgent but the task far harder for the staff.

AS IT TURNED OUT, after moving into the House of Hospitality, rather than becoming a full-fledged pacifist I went in the other direction, becoming increasingly anti-Hitler and indeed downright interventionist—although I must confess I would still have preferred medical service to what I eventually got. After I arrived John Cogley decided to stay on at the house, and we were there together until we both went into the armed forces. At that point, with no one available to take over the house (co-founder Al Reser, by then married and a father, tried but it was impossible) the matter finished unhappily. Both the House of Hospitality and the paper closed down not long after John and I were drafted, I late in 1941, a couple of months before Pearl Harbor, and John early in 1942.

Pacifism was thus the CW rock of contention on which some of us foundered. Yet I think Piehl is quite right in saying

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that the pacifist issue was never confronted head-on in the pages of the *Chicago Catholic Worker*, nor was it really argued out at the 1940 annual CW retreat, to which people came from all over the country. For some reason I am not quite able to identify, there was a reluctance to make a sharp break in print or to engage in direct argumentation with what was seen as a fundamental tenet of the movement—a movement in which non-pacifists were very much in the minority, as far as I could judge. Quiet dissent and disagreement were one thing—within the family, so to speak—but an out-and-out public break was something else. This diffidence on the part of the non-pacifists was probably a mistake.

Piehl also suggests that there were other and equally fundamental differences between Chicago and New York. The Chicago Catholic Workers, he says, were by and large less anti-industrial, less utopian, less uncritically anti-capitalist, less convinced that the economic system needed to be scrapped rather than reformed. Some of the more senior Chicago CWs would probably not agree with this, but I am inclined to believe there is something in what he says; indeed, it may have been true elsewhere as well, and I regret that some of these issues were not more fully debated.

By coincidence, it is now fifty years since Hitler came to power and since the Catholic Worker was founded in May of 1933. For all the evils we see around us, I cannot believe that the world would be a better place today if we had let Hitler have his way. In that sense, I think those of us who ultimately rejected the Catholic Worker's pacifism were right. The non-violence that worked for Gandhi against the British would not work for the Jews against Hitler. Yet with that said, and said very strongly (can you imagine Hitler with nuclear weapons at his command?), I think something else needs to be stated.

Citing the Catholic Worker's "seeming paradox of . . . radical social outlook and its conservative Catholic religiosity," Piehl writes, "Dorothy Day's Catholic Worker movement is historically significant as the first major expression of radical social criticism in American Catholicism." Again I think he is correct in his estimate. I know that the Catholic Worker movement was one of the great shaping forces in my life, as it was for many; I shall always be grateful to it, and that gratitude does not exclude the movement's pacifism. Consider the kind of world we live in, with total destruction of our civilization a very real possibility. In such a world we need the vision of a great religious leader, perhaps some day a canonized saint, like Dorothy Day. We need that vision lest we forget how mad it is to put too much trust in bombs and bullets, to base policy on the threat to wipe entire cities off the face of the earth. As for those on "our" side who were responsible for World War II's obliteration bombing from Dresden to Hiroshima, what a tragedy that they learned nothing from the witness of religious groups like the Catholic Worker before they so badly stained the moral character of the war against Hitler and fascism.

Let me be clear. After first wrestling with it in 1940 and steadily ever since, I still cannot accept the theory of pacifism. Pragmatically, I cannot see it working any better against the Soviet Union than it would have against Hitler (though a true pacifist would say this is not the point), and in general I think it would make bad public policy. I am glad that most of the American bishops do not follow it either. Nonetheless, despite all that, I think religious pacifism raises points that need to be debated. That was true before World War II, and it is even more true today, when nuclear pacifism at least has to be a live option for many. In short, to fantasize just a bit, while I would not like to see a pacifist in the White House, wouldn't the world be much better off if only both President Reagan and Chairman Andropov had at least a touch of the Catholic Worker spirit? Wouldn't we all sleep more soundly at night? No such luck, I am sorry to say. But for the rest of us, consideration of the problem of war and peace is also necessary, and a good way to begin on that and on Catholic radicalism in general would be by a reading of Mr. Piehl's book—something Mr. Reagan and Mr. Andropov are, I fear, unlikely to do.

Elisabeth Murawski

An Address

Enemy, this is the house of anger that survives,
lit by a stand of birches. Enter, because it is

so hard for me to keep you out, maintain the gulf.
Come and be at home in the fire that stirs your name,

the luminous tongues. It is not a matter of looking
the other way as you go on too long seeking to repair

the theory by which you destroy. Characters
change, their velocity, the literal desire to grasp

and consume falls away. At last you sink down
through the stories of my heart to where we can both

dissolve. Different as it is, let us make note of this
embrace. Stay with me beneath the orange and white birches.

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Books: NUCLEAR POWER & POLEMIC

LIKE a new religion, the advent of nuclear energy has inspired a host of participants, from zealots to agnostics. The *zealots* see this new technology as the answer to mankind's energy prayer. The *faithful* support this scientific quest despite its mysteries — or, maybe, because of them. The *skeptics* can't quite bring themselves to accept this technology into their hearts, but they can't stop trying to understand its strange attractions either. The *critics* find claims by the zealots and the faithful to be in error, and struggle toward logical refutations — or alternate dogmas of their own. And the *agnostics* readily admit that they find themselves confused, sometimes amused, but nonetheless fascinated by the debates that believers and nonbelievers engage in.

With the fourth anniversary of the celebrated Three Mile Island accident at hand, a passel of new books about nuclear power offers something for everyone; from the zealots to the agnostics, and those in between.

Zealots will delight in a work by one of their own, Samuel McCracken, whose previous broadsides (*Commentary*, September 1977 and June 1979) are now combined and augmented in *The War Against the Atom*. This pro-nuclear paean is explained in its subtitle: "the overwhelming case for nuclear power — and against the groups and individuals who continue to fight it."

Such books are almost a genre these days: the apparently rational scholar leading the bemused reader through a current controversy to new levels of awareness and understanding. Unfortunately, such books are often loose with their facts, and McCracken's is no exception. What's puzzling is that he appears to know better, for his first chapter, "Some Technical Background," is both lucid and generally accurate. As he says when it ends, however, "these then are the noncontroversial facts about nuclear energy. From here on in, all is in dispute."

THE WAR AGAINST THE ATOM

Samuel McCracken
Basic Books, $18.50, 206 pp.

CRISIS CONTAINED

Philip L. Cantelon and Robert C. Williams
Southern Illinois University Press, $17.50, 213 pp.

NUKESPEAK

Stephen Hilgartner, Richard C. Bell, and Rory O'Connor
Sierra Club Books, $14.95, 275 pp.

THE CULT OF THE ATOM

Daniel Ford
Simon and Schuster, $13.95, 273 pp.

NUCLEAR POWER: BOTH SIDES

Michio Kaku and Jennifer Trainer, Eds.
W.W. Norton, $4.95, 279 pp.

William J. Lanouette

Indeed, McCracken ends up using only the controversial facts that suit his one-sided purpose. As a result, he leaves the uninitiated reader more confused and uninformed than before taking up the book. Examples of his selective technique abound; here are a few.

- He says (p. 35) that "as yet there is no body of data on operating breeders [reactors meant to produce more nuclear fuel than they consume] that would allow any hard assessment of the risks of a meltdown comparable to those made on [conventional] reactors." And he says that the "best contemporary" design for a breeder is one that holds the radioactive core in a pool of liquid sodium coolant. (In a federally sponsored study by the nuclear industry, such pool-design breeders were judged safer than the so-called loop type.) But McCracken fails to point out that the controversial breeder to be built on the Clinch River in Tennessee is a loop type. And he omits from his "body of data on operating breeders" here two loop-type reactors that *have* actually worked in the United States — Experimental Breeder Reactor 1 in Idaho and Fermi 1 in Michigan. These two operating breeders both had core-melt accidents, a fact he minimizes elsewhere.

- In writing about the potential for nuclear weapons to be made from the plutonium that is produced in conventional plants and breeders (p. 58), McCracken says that recovering this waste "requires a massive, complex, and very expensive reprocessing plant." This is the conventional wisdom of the nuclear industry. But an Oak Ridge National Laboratory study, which was circulated by the nuclear industry, concluded in 1977 that any country (or terrorist group) with operating dairy, wine-making, and refinery technology could assemble a simple reprocessing plant in four to six months, and could thereafter separate enough plutonium to make at least a bomb a week: the study even included blueprints, flow-charts, and work schedules to demonstrate the relative simplicity of the operation.

- McCracken claims (p. 101) that "it is plain nonsense that the people of New England have opposed the Seabrook [New Hampshire nuclear] plant." Although he acknowledges that the citizens of Seabrook "once voted against the plant," he fails to say that a dozen other communities in the area did likewise at their town meetings.

- He imputes to "the average humanist" (p. 103) the notion that radiation is "evil," and "may even be the Evil One himself." But it was Leo Szilard, the first scientist to discover the potential for a nuclear chain reaction, who said in 1946 that the work of releasing atomic energy may be the work of the devil. One could argue that references to Satan don't contribute much to the debates in this area, but obviously you don't have to be a Luddite humanist to respond with that kind of language.

- McCracken simplifies the controversial (but well documented) events surrounding nuclear activist Karen

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Silkwood's radioactive contamination and death, ignoring a recent and thorough book on the subject (by Richard Rashke in 1981) in favor of an early and biased one (by Jacque Srouji in 1977), then praises the earlier work for "the most complete documentation of the Silkwood case generally available."

These are but a few of the many selective errors that allow McCracken to defend nuclear power and attack its critics — often with simplistic, *ad hominem* arguments. The pity is that from the broad range of sources he cites, McCraken could have produced a more honest work.

Crisis Contained is the straightforward work of the nuclear faithful, in this case two historians hired by the federal government to record "The Department of Energy at Three Mile Island." In its original form, as a government document, the authors asked and answered a question that this commercial edition omits: "Why a history of the Department of Energy at Three Mile Island? Because, one is tempted to answer, like the mountain, it was there."

The book recounts, sometimes minute-by-minute, the department's supporting role to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, a role that included radiation-monitoring, moving more than 1,000 lead bricks, and ferrying other federal officials to and from the crisis scene. While the general reader will find *Crisis Contained* much too detailed, the TMI junkie will surely want it for his coffee table. After all, where else could he discover that the name of the Energy Department's efforts had the code name Operation Ivory Purpose?

The skeptics of nuclear power are represented here by the authors of *Nukespeak*, a well-researched account of how the atom's technical jargon has become our own. An obvious adaption of Orwell's "newspeak," the book recounts how euphemisms have been devised to mask atomic energy's uglier features: a nuclear war becomes an "exchange"; an accident becomes a "normal aberration," an "incident," or an "event." The list of words is impressive, and many details of how they were created are amusing, if sometimes macabre. Atomic energy offers us a telling example of how political and social institutions came to terms with — or ignored — a new technology, one with great benefits and grave perils.

Daniel Ford, of the Union of Concerned Scientists, has been one of the most persistent and articulate critics of atomic energy, and his *Cult of the Atom*, which is based on "the secret papers" of the Atomic Energy Commission (AEC), lays out convincingly the manner in which the secrecy employed to protect the "military atom" also kept the "civilian atom" from the kind of open, scientific criticism necessary to make it safe. Ford documents the many (often amusing) ways that scientific data were manipulated in order to ignore or diminish serious safety problems.

Two characters dominate Ford's account: Glenn Seaborg, who was AEC chairman in the critical years of atomic energy's growth, 1961-1971, and Stephen Hanauer, the recently retired safety expert who kept a "nugget file" of mishaps that demonstrated risks associated with the peaceful atom. The quotes and careers of the two insiders are quite different, and worth the price of the book in themselves.

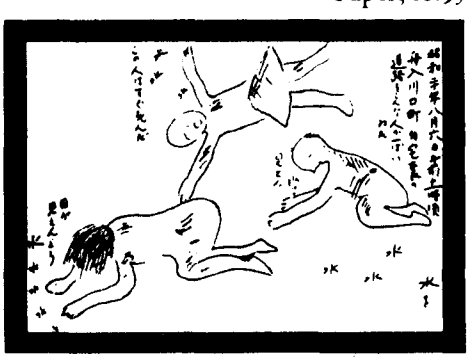
For the agnostics of atomic energy, *Nuclear Power: Both Sides* is an attempt to weigh pro- and anti-nuclear arguments dispassionately. But while it is a useful sampler of different views, it fails on two counts. First, there are often more than two sides to the issues that surround — and confound — the nuclear debate, shades of disagreement or consensus that are lost in the rhetoric of the more strident speakers. Second, there is little control by the editors that forces the authors to address the same issues with the same agreed-upon terms. Thus, the authors, who are mostly well respected authorities for their different viewpoints, sometimes spin out clearly pro- or anti-nuclear arguments without ever addressing the same issues. And in the cases of the breeder and fusion — the power source of the sun and of the hydrogen bomb — there are no opposing viewpoints to the two favorable essays at all.

Theological Implications of Life in a Nuclear Age

In this penetrating study, Jim Garrison, writer and lecturer on the different aspects of nuclear technology, focuses on the theological dimensions of thermonuclear war. God, Garrison argues, is in Hiroshima as he is in other events in history. The development symbolized by Hiroshima directs our attention beyond narrow sectional interest to the source of life which creates and sustains us all. God is at work even in the atom bomb, calling us to a transformation of consciousness and understanding.

THE DARKNESS OF GOD
Theology after Hiroshima
Jim Garrison

Paper, $8.95



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Frank Lonergan

Mother at the Department Store

Virago, she's your match!
The crust & nerve of the
low-born Irish. I'm trying
to hide in her skirt
in Bamberger's, suddenly
a shrinking violet. Mother
has my worn-out basketball
in hand, demanding her money
back. I had it only six months
& yesterday kicked it into
Watsessing Brook where it
broke a seam. Muddied &
water-logged. The prim man
with the white carnation
eyes her warily: red neck
like beef: a man's fist: lungs
for calling chickens. He wilts.
Ring it up at the counter! I
am ten & ready to dive into
the Passaic River & swim
miles away from her. Even
leaving the store, with me
red-faced & grinding down teeth,
she is still grumbling
about the ball.

Kath Howell

Sharpening a Serpent's Tooth

to thread as her needle
old Gramma Eve she sit in her shinglebench shade
made comfortable as she can, patching the second
hand-me-downs, clothing in stitches
time. Sewing, sewing she smile,
while the grandchildren play at grownup:
girlish boys, and boyish girls, fairly
dark and fatly
thin, skinned
tightknit her kith cover all, akin
folk the same a world over
running like a cup. Gramma Eve milks the viper,
distilling a dram for Adam, she drinks up
swilling her toast to Abel's unborn
fulfilled in the unfulfilling. His countless generations
loom
. . . she staggers, weaves
falls (again); calls into the gathering
gloom: Has Cain children?
And by whom?

David Garrison

Old Lives in the Neighborhood

This morning, my son and I step outside at dawn,
called by the quiet voices of human loves.
We stand, near elms, amid those sounds of lives
that issued ceaselessly from kitchens, gone
now, years and years, love by love, not our own.
The voices whisper how they miss those shelves
stored with simple produce—canned goods, cloves,
tomatoes that an old man's hands had grown.
But their first loss, they claim, is early light,
this dawn-glow pressed pearl-white on the faces
of houses, folding itself in the fists
of the aged.
Now, in this cool, infants
sing in noisy circles, their green, bright bones
singing the voices those old lives create.

Jane Flanders

Care: The Hess Children, 1912

There is a woman behind this photograph, ironing
the girls' white dresses, flounce by flounce, braiding
their hair, tugging at bows.
She arranges them all
in the yard under a tree, placing the baby
where one of the girls can catch him if he moves
beyond the frame.
And now she is standing behind
the photographer, so they will all look this way,
giving back her patient stare.
She is waiting
for boys to go off to war, for girls to get married.
Some will; some won't.
A big girl fidgets. The baby
plays with his toes. One of the little girls grins.
The children are handsome.
They are more than that.
But all she can think of now is immaculate dresses,
how she must save them before they are stained by the grass.

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By these very limitations, *Nuclear Power: Both Sides*, highlights one of the thorniest problems with the nuclear debate itself: the unique blends of technology and emotion, of politics and morality, of economics and public safety, that have shaped this energy source from its beginnings. In that sense no single book — by zealots, believers, skeptics, critics, or agnostics — could give the last word on this troublesome and fascinating topic.

Readable, honest & accurate

LUTHER: A LIFE

John M. Todd

Crossroad, $17.50, 396 pp.

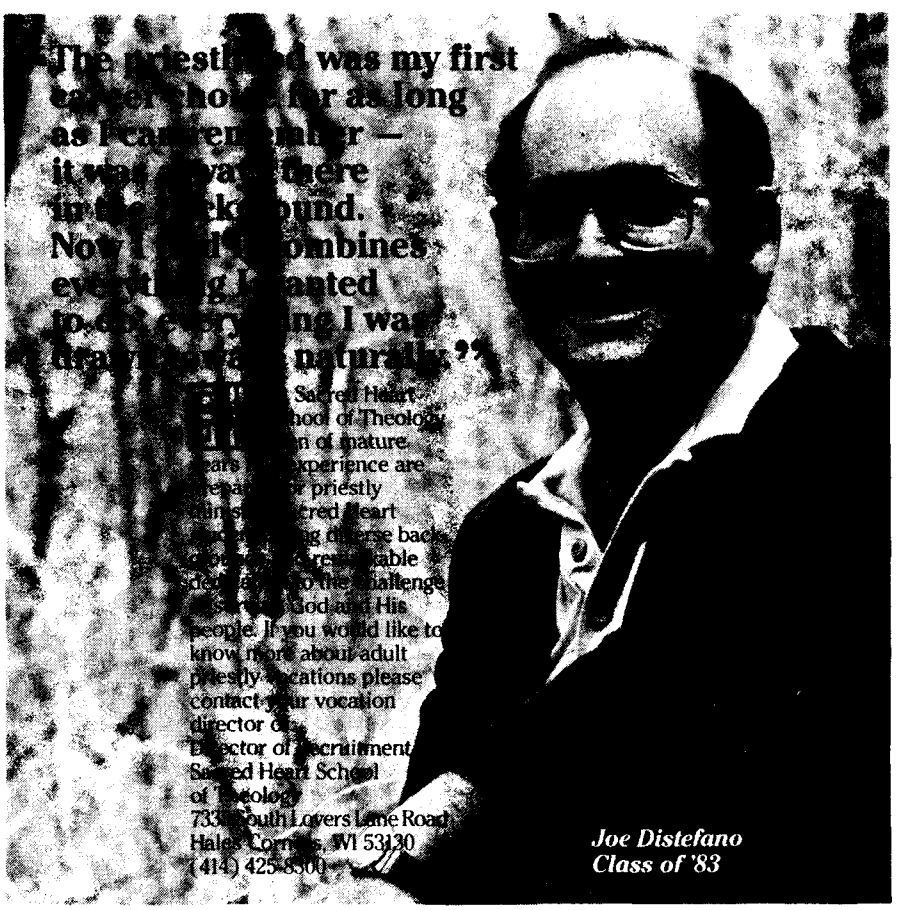
Denis R. Janz

TO WRITE a biography of Martin Luther is an extraordinarily difficult undertaking. For one thing, he wrote prodigiously—one publication every fortnight for the last twenty-five years of his life, enough material to fill some one hundred large volumes in the modern critical edition. It is said that even among experts on Luther, those who have read it all can be counted on one hand. Nor did Luther restrict himself in his writing to abstract theological speculation. Shining through on almost every page are his personal likes and dislikes, his deepest hopes and fears; he discusses everything from his problems in the latrine to his chronic depression. More than any other classical Christian theologian, Luther lays bare for us his innermost feelings. This abundance of personal data may at first sight seem like a blessing to his biographer, but it is also in a sense the biographer's curse, for it forces him to paint a picture which is as multidimensional and complex as the human subject itself.

Then too, it was as true in the sixteenth century as it is today that those who confront Luther's personality rarely remain indifferent or detached. Whether the biographer feels love or hatred for Luther the man, ample material can be found for constructing a caricature. Those offended by his vulgarity and unimpressed by his theological achievement can present Luther as a kind of foul-mouthed Billy Graham. Those astounded by his theological genius and courage can present Luther as a saintly hero who, after a thousand years of sub-Christian teaching, once again bids the light shine out of darkness. Even the most sincere claims to objectivity can only temporarily disguise the biographer's own point of view. All we can ask for then is integrity, and what will inevitably emerge is a picture of Luther as profoundly human, and therefore hopelessly enmeshed in the radical ambiguity of human existence in which he so deeply believed.

It is only in the light of these difficulties that the achievement of John Todd can be fully appreciated. Todd presents us with a comprehensive view of Luther the man which is based on a wide reading of the sources and a thorough familiarity with some of the best secondary literature. Not only is this biography unfailingly accurate, but it is also deeply honest. One finds here not only profound recognition of Luther's theological genius, but also of the psychopathology that accompanied it. We read of Luther's heartrending grief at the bedside of his dying daughter, and we also read of the embittered old man's appalling hatred of the Jews. Integrity demands that both be said, and Todd does so. All caricatures are avoided here, and any possibility of an unambiguous judgment on Luther the man is ruled out. Todd resists the constant temptation of popular biography to violate the complexity of the man in the interest of clarity and simplicity.

Furthermore, Todd does all this in a style which is eminently readable and clearly geared to the educated non-expert. When it comes to explaining Luther's theological views, as it inevitably must, Todd avoids technical jargon and gives brief but remarkably accurate summaries of the issues involved. Especially welcome are Todd's lucid, non-



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> *My principal image is of a man driven, driven by a passion for the Divine, driven, too, by a horror of evil; convinced of its eventual futility, he was ever conscious of its threat, and his life was one of prayer. His friends remembered him standing by the window of his room praying, often aloud . . . At the Wartburg he wrote: "They threaten us with death. They would do better to threaten us with life."*
>
> —John M. Todd
> *Luther*

technical explanations of the late medieval theological background against which Luther reacted. The sources Todd relies on for this background are judiciously chosen.

That such an impressive biography of Luther should be written by a Catholic is significant. It is a sign that the ecumenical Luther scholarship carried on for decades by Catholics is filtering down to the popular level and beginning to transform the consciousness of the lay Catholic by replacing vague hostility with sympathetic understanding. Lay Protestants too would do well to read this book: its salutary realism is a bulwark against the remnants of uncritical hagiography which one still finds in some circles.

A popular biography of this caliber obviously invites comparison with a previous classic in this genre, Roland Bainton's *Here I Stand*, written in 1950. Excellent though it was, Bainton's book is now dated. Among the popular biographies vying to replace it, I would rank Todd's work at the very top, and recommend it, not only as an introduction for students, but also to those who always felt they should read something about Luther but, for one reason or another, never have.

Human rights & double standards

THE REAL TERROR NETWORK
Edward S. Herman
South End Press, $7.50, 252 pp.

Ernest Evans

THE TWO central arguments of this book by Professor Edward Herman of the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania are as follows: First, what he calls "the real terror network," i.e., the network of ties between the U.S. ruling elites and their allies in the third world, is engaged in systematic violence on a far greater scale than are revolutionary movements such as the PLO and the IRA (he refers to terrorism by such movements as "retail terrorism" in contrast to the "wholesale terrorism" of the United States and its client states in the third world). Second, because of the close ties between the U.S. media and the U.S. ruling elites, the media ignore or belittle the massive human rights violations carried out by the third-world allies of the United States and instead concentrate on human rights violations in Communist countries.

With respect to his first argument Herman is on solid ground when he notes the extensive human rights violations of a number of U.S. client states in the third world. He documents the enormous human costs of the economic policies pursued by national security states such as Brazil and Chile: In such countries the great bulk of the population has suffered a major (and in some cases catastrophic) decline in its standard of living; resulting in higher rates of infant mortality, widespread malnutrition, and an increased incidence of certain types of disease. He also notes the human costs of these countries' internal security policies: for instance, the devastation of the former Portuguese colony of Timor following its occupation by Indonesia in 1975; and the thousands of people who have disappeared or were killed in the years since the Argentine military took power in 1976.

The problem is that Herman is not satisfied with documenting the human rights violations of American client states; he goes on to advance two further arguments: First, that the human rights violations of the U.S. and its third-world client states are worse than those of Communist nations; and second that terrorism by revolutionary movements is an insignificant problem.

The trouble with his argument that the U.S. and its client states are worse human rights offenders than the Communist states is that the only way one can defend such a charge is by engaging in "the politics of body counts"; i.e., add up the various fatalities caused by the U.S. and its allies, and then compare this total to the total number of fatalities that have taken place under Communist governments.

Amnesty International, which has consistently refused to rank countries according to their respect for human rights, has long recognized that the "politics of body counts" ultimately destroys human rights as a serious moral issue. Partially this is because the body-count mentality leads to endless (and unresolvable) debates over the numbers of fatalities under different regimes. More fundamentally still, the body-count mentality inevitably leads to belittling and minimizing the suffering of people under brutal regimes that are "on our side."

In the final analysis, there is much wisdom in Simone Weil's famous comment about the need to denounce forcefully all atrocities: "If you don't care about every martyred child, then you don't care about any of them." Or, as Stalin put it (with characteristic cynical insight): "One human death is a tragedy, a million human deaths are a statistic." Both these quotations make the same point: Moving the human rights issue from the level of the suffering and pain of individuals to the level of "statistics" nullifies the issue.

The problem with Herman's argument that revolutionary violence is not a problem is that in the right circumstances terrorism can help cause the collapse of a democratic government and its replacement with a dictatorship. In Italy in the early 1920s Mussolini made skillful use of an ongoing wave of terroristic violence to argue that Italy's democratic government was bankrupt because it could not preserve order. Hitler effectively used the same argument in his

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struggle to destroy the Weimar Republic. And the collapse of Uruguay's democratic system in 1972-1973 was in large measure due to the inability of the country's civilian leaders to deal with the problem of the Tupamaro guerrillas.

Many of the parties of the European left are well aware of the dangers of terrorism. The Italian Communists' (PCI) firm support for tough anti-terrorism measures is a reflection of its concern that the Red Brigades' terrorism could lead to a rightist dictatorship. The PCI is all too well aware of Italy's history in the early 1920s, and is also conscious of the damage done to Allende's government in Chile by the violence of the MIR (movement of the revolutionary left). The West German Social Democrats' support for a tough counter-terrorism policy is due in large part to a determination not to leave the Federal Republic vulnerable to the sort of charges that Hitler made concerning Weimar's inability to preserve political order. And following a series of major terrorist incidents in France in the summer of 1982 President Mitterrand instituted a series of forceful counter-terrorism measures.

With respect to Herman's criticisms of the U.S. media, there is considerable truth to his charge that the media has ignored or deemphasized many cases of massive human rights violations carried out by allies of the United States. For example, prior to the case of Jacobo Timerman, the U.S. media paid little attention to the deeds of the military government of Argentina. And while Herman greatly overstates the extent to which the media are under the control of U.S. financial, business, and political elites, his statements about an unwillingness on the part of the media to "rock the boat" are largely true. After all, the media are commercial establishments that depend on a mass audience in order to survive; and hence do not want to displease that audience.

The disturbing aspect of Herman's charges against the media is that he (like many other writers today) has redefined the concept of a "double standard." Originally, the term "double standard" was defined as follows: A person was guilty of a double standard if he or she

What hand drew this celebrated figure?

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defended an action (such as denial of freedom of speech) in one country and attacked the same action with respect to another country. Increasingly however, writers on the left, right, and center are giving a new meaning to the term double standard: As they use the term, simply denouncing a given action no matter which country commits it is not enough to prove that one does not have a double standard. In addition, one must make one's human rights efforts proportionate to the major ongoing cases of human rights violations: For example, if one works on human rights in Cambodia, one must also work on human rights in Timor — otherwise one is a hypocrite.

The problem with this reinterpretation of the term double standard is that it is another example of the "body count" mentality that is so destructive of effective human rights efforts. The results of this new meaning of double standard are unending, unresolvable debates about which are the "crucial" human rights causes at present, and charges and counter-charges of hypocrisy because one is ignoring this or that major instance of human rights being violated.

Readers of Herman's book should not let those elements of truth contained in his charges blind them to the fact that the book also contains ideas that undermine the cause of human rights.

A novel informed by prejudice

SCHINDLER'S LIST

Thomas Keneally

Simon and Schuster, $16.95, 398 pp.

Bogumil Kosciesza

SOON after World War II a book was published in Poland. It was a tersely written diary of the Nazi occupation of Cracow: a date, a fact — so many arrested, a concentration camp opened, a Nazi proclamation issued. In spite of the brevity of the book, regardless of the postwar paper shortage, the Polish writer deemed it necessary to add a footnote to a notice of the opening of a forced labor camp — a Nazi factory. The owner, the footnote said, "inscribed himself well in the memories of the inmates."

The owner was Oskar Schindler, a *Sudetendeutsch*, a non-practicing Catholic, a party member, and an intelligence officer in Admiral Canaris's *Abwehr*.

In 1962 Schindler was honored by Israel as a Righteous Person. West Germany gave him its Cross of Merit in 1966, and the International Martin Buber Society its peace prize in 1967. In 1968 he was created a Knight of St. Sylvester by the Vatican. Oskar Schindler died in Frankfurt October 9, 1974. At his request, he was buried in the Latin Cemetery in Jerusalem.

Why did this German risk his life to protect a group of Jews? The *New York Times* obituary says that, on his visit to Germany in 1957, Schindler explained that he did it because he hated cruelty and intolerance. In *Schindler's List* Keneally attempts to explain the man by writing the history of his war years.

The picture that emerges is that of a self-indulgent individual, an amoral if not immoral reveler, a blatant adulterer, a grabber at the main chance, a profligate, perhaps at best an esthete. Except for his wartime venture — built with Jewish capital and run with Jewish management — Keneally's Schindler is even a business failure. *Schindler's List* makes the man and his motives difficult to understand.

A book about any part of the Holocaust would, no, should be disturbing. This one is — but for the wrong reason. A book that speaks of the perhaps worst-ever manifestation of ethnic and religious prejudice should itself be free of such prejudice. When the crimes the book describes were prompted by lies, the book should be scrupulously truthful. This book is neither.

Early in the book Keneally describes young Schindler's Jewish friends as not "Ashkenazim — *quirky*, Yiddish-speaking, Orthodox" (reviewer's emphasis). The words epitomize Western, "emancipated," Jewry's disdain of the *Ostjude*. That image of the Eastern Jew as a dirty, challet-wearing, money-lending, yarmulked subspecies did nothing to make Hitler's propaganda less plausible.

Later, Keneally talks about the Jewish auxiliary ("Yellow") police, a force despised and feared in the ghettos. Originally it was a high-minded organization, he says, formed really to protect the Jewish population and composed mainly of westernized Jews, "young men of compassion and some education." It was only later, under the influence of "a former glazier named Symche Spira," that the force became evil. Spira, Keneally says, "was of Orthodox background and . . . despised the Europeanized Jewish liberals."

Orthodoxy, of whatever religion, does not fare well in Keneally's book. Pious Catholics among Schindler's family emerge as, at best, insipid fools. But then Keneally appears to be ignorant of even the basic tenet of Christianity — its monotheism. Writing of the stealing by the Nazis of the famous gothic altar from the Church of Our Lady in Cracow, Keneally declares that it "had until weeks ago diverted worshippers with its crowd of jostling divinities." The main panel of the altar depicts the dormition of Mary — she is surrounded by the Apostles.

Poland produced probably the most *Hasidei Ummot Ha-olam*, the "Just among the Nations," even though it was the only country under Nazi rule where helping a Jew even by giving him a glass of water was punishable, and punished, by death. Yet, by innuendo, by half truths and by untruths, Keneally repeatedly slanders the Polish population.

REVIEWERS

WILLIAM J. LANOUETTE, *a contributing editor of* National Journal *in Washington, D.C., writes about atomic energy for a number of publications.*

ERNEST EVANS *is assistant professor in the politics department of The Catholic University of America.*

DENIS R. JANZ *teaches in the religious studies department of Loyola University in New Orleans.*

BOGUMIL KOSCIESZA *is an editor with a national professional organization.*

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The Poles are portrayed as little, if any, better than the Hitlerite oppressors.

The Cracow ghetto was not the first the Nazis established on Polish territory. Materials available at the Library of Congress show that all the orders establishing ghettos gave the same rationale for their creation: to separate the Poles from Jewish influence because the Jews were intractable enemies of German rule; to gather the Jewish wealth in one place the better to administer it; and to quarantine the Jews for health reasons. This was the rationale elucidated by the Governor General of the occupied Polish territories, Hans Frank, even before any ghettos were established.

Keneally has it that the order establishing the Cracow ghetto claimed that its purpose was to protect the Jews from the Polish population. I was unable to find in the Library of Congress the actual wording of the order. But is it really likely that the regional chief of Cracow, working under the very nose of Frank, would have been the only one to change the kingpin's formula? The question would not be important — one Nazi lie or another — if Keneally did not use the incident to launch into a multi-page anti-Polish diatribe equal to the best efforts of the creators of anti-Semitic libels.

A chapter in the book has Schindler, late in the war, observe a brutal roundup in the ghetto. From a hill outside the walls he watches as people are being beaten and shot. The sight makes him vomit, and from that day on, Keneally says, Schindler was "resolved to do everything . . . to defeat the system." Apparently this incident, seen from a distance, was Schindler's first experience of violence. Strangely, Keneally's Schindler, moving freely about Nazi-occupied Cracow, had managed not to see the brutality that was everywhere. The thousands of arrests, the public executions, the beatings, the evictions. The succession of roundups of people leaving churches after Mass, the many "bloody Sundays," the attempts at "returning" Cracow to the status of a "pure German" city are ignored in Keneally's book. Ringelblum, writing from within the closed Warsaw Ghetto, managed to note such events in the larger city and beyond.

Curiously, the few mentions of the resistance movement refer only to actions of the Communist partisans and of the ZOB — a Jewish resistance organization. Considering that the Polish underground movement was large and active from 1939, and that the Communists, by their own statements, did not even start organizing partisan groups until the summer of 1942, the imbalance is strange.

In preparation for writing the book Keneally is said to have visited Cracow accompanied by one of his main informants. This man, Keneally's hero of several brilliant escapes from Nazi clutches, shares with Schindler the book's dedicatory passage. Keneally describes him as an assimilated Jew, a Polish army officer, a graduate of the Jagiellonian University, Schindler's black-market agent, and an early member of the "yellow" police.

In view of the book's obvious failings, one wonders if the picture Keneally draws of Schindler is close to reality. Keneally chose "[t]o use the texture and devices of a novel to tell" Schindler's story. Perhaps he became too enamored of his vision of Schindler as an incarnation of Jaroslav Hasek's *Good Soldier Schweik*, and as a result fitted the person to the writer's mold.

People like Schindler deserve to be remembered. Books about them should be written. They should be written by writers who are less biased and better equipped to evaluate data.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 258)

"Griselda-like wife." If the woman of the alert, intelligent profile shown in her husband's delicately lined portrait could speak for herself!

MARJORIE MURPHY

Gratitude to Gill

Dallas, Tex.

To the Editors: I was saddened by the thoroughness with which Maureen Mullarkey took apart my old friend Eric Gill [Feb. 25]. His autobiography came along when I was still in the seminary, in those terrible thirties, when the moral thrust of the church and seminary spirituality seemed concentrated on a puritanical, gnostic, sex-is-dirty and flesh-is-obscene morality. To me it was liberating to hear an eminent English convert speak of the holy, robust joys of sex (his own marriage bed in the case, as I recall,) and who gave us what I in my innocence thought to be most attractive, non-pornographic studies of the female figure. Of course I got "bad thoughts" from them, as Ms. Mullarkey certainly did, but then in the seminary hothouse I got bad thoughts from everything. Gill at the time helped to give me a finer and broader concept of the holy. I found him daring and refreshing, when those qualities were scarce in the bosom of Holy Mother Church.

I confess to being uneducated in the matter of art, and I guess that, like the monkeys, I just like what I like. But Gill did something for my spiritual life that I will ever be grateful for, and that is why I got scant pleasure from his remains being

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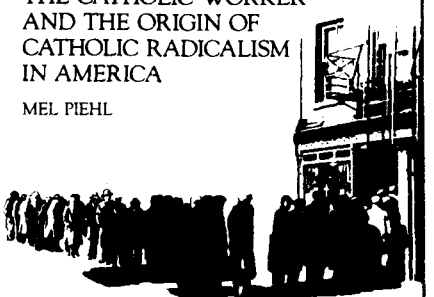

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raked so cruelly over the coals of Ms. Mullarkey's feminist fires.

(REV.) JAMES HART McCOWN, S.J.
Catholic Chaplain.
Southern Methodist Univ.

A psychic chasm

Peoria, Ill.

To the Editors: About half of Maureen Mullarkey's review of the Yorke's biography of Eric Gill is a useful summary of a polemic religious artist's career [Feb. 25]. And she is of course correct about the biographer's duty to make committed judgments on his subject. But the rest of her notice confuses artistic criticism with reading her subject into or out of the current liberal establishment.

The review makes no specific judgments of the author's own about what Gill carved, painted or sculpted, except to mention that the artist is out of current fashion, like Chaplin or Eliot. But she makes enough concrete errors on his thought and writing to be worth disputing a little here. For example, the quotation from Gill about "culture" is apparently meant to "place" him as some sort of functionalist barbarian, but even in Gill's terms the theme about the anthropological function of art would be accepted by Arnold and Eliot, and Herbert Read even borrowed "*to hell with culture*" to title one of his own books.

The feminist criticisms of Gill are meant to sketch a sexual poseur isolated in fantasy from the real world and any real social acquaintance. But a qualified observer, his student David Jones, said he was an excellent teacher: something which requires perceptive treatment both of your subject and of your pupil. In Gill's essays, the development of the idea is never predictable in the way all the sexual references in Ms. Mullarkey's review are predictable; so one cannot say Gill's dogmatic approach froze him, as she suggests. (The more serious biographical criticism of Gill that I have read, suggests he was too hardheaded to be a good apprentice, and this later cramped his full technical development.)

If like Mullarkey you make Gill derivative from his sources — I had not expected *Commonweal* (!) to put the rap on William Morris — you need to indicate which side Gill took in the main nineteenth-century theoretical controversy on art and culture. Educated Victorian taste is surely expansive, decorative and horny rather than explicit about sex; that's not Gill. It seems she can't deal intellectually with a thinker who ranked idiosyncrasy ("personality," "originality") below workability in an artifact. The psychic chasm between her and her review subject is clued, as always, by the prose style she derives from Kael, which depends on an audience which shares premises. Gill's prose is crafted to make sure a possibly differing audience grasps both his idea and his premise, not to jerk somebody's knee by Pavlovian references to the "Aswan Dam" or masturbation. Ms. Mullarkey, like Kael, is not too dumb to deal with the interesting ideas in Gill; she only needs a different prose style in which to discuss them.

JAMES MARK PURCELL

A bolt of lightning

Gloucester, Mass.

To the Editors: It was a pleasure to see the name of Eric Gill on the cover of the Feb. 25 issue. All during the late '60s and early '70s I expected that there would be a revival of interest in Gill. So much in his thought was in harmony with the exigencies of that period: his pacifism, his rejection of all in the modern world that dehumanizes people, hence his individualistic socialism, even his quirky ideas on sex and dress; he seemed in so many ways a prophet of the Woodstock generation. But it never came to pass — perhaps because, in a world that accepts all cults and superstitions but rejects Christianity, he was a Christian.

It was a pleasure to see Gill's name but a good deal less of a pleasure to read the ill-tempered, badly written and even more badly reasoned article the magazine contained. The author seems to object to Gill on the following grounds: (1) that his sculpture is dated and unpopular. It's difficult to argue with this: all art is dated and tends to fall out of popularity after the artist's death. I find much of his work very fine and very moving, but stylistically it belongs to the 1920s. In passing, I would say that if the Tate Gallery doesn't exhibit his magnificant *Mankind*, this is more to the Tate's dis-

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credit than to Eric Gill's. (2) That his style of dress was dandified and absurd. Granted, I suppose, but does it matter? What after all does the author think of Louise Nevelson's fur eyelashes? (3) That he was unfaithful to his wife. Deplorable, but I haven't heard of a critic condemning an artist for his sexual peccadillos since the demise of Queen Victoria. (4) That he was a male chauvinist. I hadn't noticed this in reading him, but this I suspect to be the heart of her argument. I also suspect that she is afflicted with tunnel-vision on this subject.

What then is left of Eric Gill? He was a supreme master of lettering, type design and typography. He created an important body of work in sculpture and book illustration. He was the author of a body of polemical writings that are consistently interesting, although often eccentric and aggravating. He was also the author of one great book: his *Autobiography*, which I believe to be one of the great spiritual autobiographies. I read this book when I was in my early teens. It was like a bolt of lightning that illuminated a whole aspect of life of which I had been ignorant and showed me the path that I was to follow, a few years later, into the Catholic church.

Love and hate are always mysterious. As the author of your article evidently dislikes Eric Gill and everything about the man (especially that he was a man and a virile one), how can I not love him? I owe him so much.

JOHN MANSHIP
Quarry Gallery

Liberation fuzziness

Stanford, Calif.

To the Editors: Bravo to *Commonweal* for using the word "cant" with reference to the Geneva meeting of primarily Third World theologians, as reported by Peadar Kirby [Mar. 11].

Not only the obvious political bias, but, more importantly the intellectual poverty of its practitioners, is graphically, if unwittingly, depicted by the clearly admiring Mr. Kirby.

Tripping from his pen, and, presumably, from the lips of the assembled theologians, come such phrases as: "anthropological poverty," "more comprehensive social analysis," "doing theology among the oppressed," and "Christianity as a bourgeois religion." The rhetoric flows on, but one reads in vain for any content, much less substantiation.

As an example of the "rich interchange" he perceived, Kirby quotes an unnamed theologian: "It is a theological ideology which in a sense was born in the church so that theology itself in the apartheid situation has become problematic." "In a sense" and "problematic" are indicia of intellectual fuzziness, so it is scarcely surprising that one cannot tell whether the theologian believes that one cannot easily "do theology" in South Africa or that theology is of dubious value so long as apartheid persists. The latter interpretation would seem to reflect a view that theology should be subordinated to political reform, a denigration of the theological vocation which one would not expect from a theologian.

If the meeting in Geneva is representative of the best of Third World or "liberation" theology, how can anyone, of whatever political persuasion, take it seriously?

How we need George Orwell who unflinchingly condemned the use of language to pervert and obscure truth, even—or especially—in the service of political views he shared.

MARY M. ASH

The unspeakable?

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: It was delicious to see the editors (Mar.11) treat a certain Catholic writer in a certain new Catholic magazine with such reverence as becomes only Jehovah: respectful refusal even to speak the name. The writer was Ralph McInerny and the magazine was *Catholicism in Crisis* in its third issue (February). Editor McInerny can best defend his characterization of "the sane center," but some historical considerations may be in order.

In his book on the "neoconservatives," Peter Steinfels made a similar assault on the self-ascription of "sanity," but he need not find the word so troubling. Its lineage in Catholic thought goes back to *gratia sanans*, to Thomistic realism, and to Newman's *via media*. Frank Sheed put the word *Sanity* in the title of a major book of his on Catholic thought, and G.K. Chesterton also used the title *An Outline of Sanity* (as does a recent biography of G.K.C.).

Commonweal at its best used to exemplify the sort of biblical realism, resistance to extremism, and calm reasonableness the Catholic tradition admires, and at its best it still does. Nonetheless, for many of us *Commonweal* is far less critical of the left than of its other targets. In order to correct that imbalance, some of us must risk being thought more "anti-left" than we are.

MICHAEL NOVAK

The editors reply: Michael Novak is too kind in attributing our reluctance to name the new Catholic "anti-left" magazine in question to reverence rather than, say, to pity. In any case, we are sure Mr. Novak would like it to be known that he himself is executive editor of *Catholicism in Crisis*.

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Literature and the Arts: *"If Norman Podhoretz Were Alive Today" by George Orwell* (John Garvey) . . . *Watching Talk,* by Frank McConnell . . . *The Vatican Art Exhibit,* by Tom O'Brien . . . *Eric Gill in the Flesh,* by Maureen Mullarkey . . . *Simone Weil on Education,* by Nancy M. Malone . . . *Godzilla and the Real World,* by Anthony Ugolnick.

Scheduled for future issues: *Christianity and Citizenship,* by John A. Coleman . . . *Guatemalan Refugees Story,* by R. Pirardo and O.L. Carrescia . . . *The Bulgarian Connection,* by Janice A. Brown . . . *Frank Lloyd Wright and American Modernism* by Nicolaus Mills . . . *Religion and Politics in Israel,* by Alan Gowty . . . *Our National Health Policy,* by Thomas Higgins.

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